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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—The Office of DEMONSTRATOR OF ANATOMY being now VACANT, the Council are ready to receive applications for the appointment. Candidates must be members of the United Church of England and of the University of London. The hours of attendance in the Dissecting-room are from 10 to 12 daily. Salary 1000 per annum. Applications must be sent in to the Secretary of the College before 4 o'clock on Wednesday, July 19, 1850. By order of the Council, J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE NEXT MEETING will be held at EDINBURGH, and will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of July 1850.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer. A Queen-street-place, Upper Thames-street, London.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.—MR. GRIFFITH, Member of Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, and of the College of Preceptors, Examiner of the Baptist College, Bristol, and Author of "The Theory of Grammar," &c., &c., has just published a new and complete "GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE," for use in Schools, and for Professional and general Use. Published by J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary.

A FELLOW of St. John's College, Cambridge, residing in London, wishes to RECEIVE into his house TWO OR THREE PUPILS, who will attend the course of instruction at King's College, London, during the day-time. 15, St. Mark's-street, 11, St. Mark's-street, Lincoln's-inn.

GERMAN.—DR. HEINRICH FICK, PROFESSOR OF GERMAN LITERATURE AT PUTNEY COLLEGE, &c., has removed to more spacious Apartments, 5, Brook-street, Hyde Park-gate, where he will open again his GERMAN CLASSES for Beginners and advanced Students; and a Class for Ladies at the Hyde Park College for Ladies, 35, Oxford-terrace. For particulars, see the printed Prospectus at both places. Attendance in the evening resumed on July 20.

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STUDIES RESUMED on the 20th instant.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1850.

REVIEWS

Correspondence of the Emperor Charles V. and his Ambassadors at the Courts of England and France, from the Original Letters in the Imperial Family Archives at Vienna. Edited by William Bradford, M.A., formerly Chaplain to the British Embassy at Vienna. Bentley.

THE age of Charles the Fifth must ever continue to be a most attractive period of modern history. The events of the time were memorable from their effects upon mankind; and the changes of society were in themselves attended with much that rivets the attention of a reader. The parts in the political drama were played by persons whose lives and characters are familiarized to the world. Leo and Luther, Wolsey, Henry the Eighth, Francis the First, and the Emperor, with several other personages, supply the historian's page with a great variety of incident. The period has been treated of so successfully by Robertson, that English readers are better acquainted with the general state of Europe at the time of Luther than with its condition during the period of Henry the Fourth or that of Louis the Fourteenth. Hence, any works which give further illustrations of such a striking age can scarcely fail of possessing interest.

Mr. Bradford's volume contains several letters from Charles the Fifth which were published by Baron Hormayr in the periodical *Archiv für Geographie, Historie, Staats und Kriegskunst*. Mr. Bradford, while chaplain to the British Embassy at Vienna, had access to the original documents, and had the favour granted him that all the letters which had appeared in the Baron's collection should be copied for his use. It appears from his Preface that Mr. Bradford did not at first attribute much value to these,—until "a high authority at the British Museum pronounced them to be wholly unknown in this country, and to possess so much historical value as fully to warrant their publication."

The editor has given neither a table of contents nor an index to his volume; the materials of which are—about sixteen letters of Charles the Fifth, and as many more from influential persons in correspondence with him,—some sketches of contemporary celebrities,—an unpublished narrative of Navayero, Ambassador to Charles from Venice, printed from the MS. now in possession of the Rev. Walter Sneyd, of Denton, Oxon,—and the "Itinerary of Charles the Fifth, by his private secretary, Vandenesse." Of these, the Itinerary and the Venetian Ambassador's narrative occupy about a fifth of the volume, and the sketches of contemporaries as much more; the rest of its pages being devoted to the letters of Charles, and to a variety of interstitial matter from the editor's pen. At the foot of the pages are the original letters in the old French, and the translation is above them in modern English. The translation is on the whole well executed,—leaning, perhaps, to too much freedom. After the smooth sentences in the English version, it is amusing to turn to the old French originals in an uncouth yet racy dialect. In these letters the character of Charles the Fifth appears exactly as in history; calm, thoughtful, and studiously circumspect,—averse to new opinions, but not allowing his antipathies to prejudice his interests. The tone of the correspondence shows plainly the nature of the Emperor's political system. There is no reference ever made to opinion, and measures are always looked on from the governor's point of view. The unity of idea resulting from such a system is visible throughout; and the direct

manner in which Charles goes to the main question exhibits his clear strong sense. It would be difficult to meet with another instance of so wary and circumspect a sovereign.

In composing his 'Age of Charles V.,' Robertson relied chiefly on the various contemporary writers of the period,—more especially on Guicciardini, Sandoval, Sepulveda, Bellay, and others. The materials before him were so abundant, and the main facts of which he had to treat were so notorious, however involved and complicated, that we should not expect that his work would be falsified in important particulars—especially when he did not descend to much minuteness in his account of the personages whose actions he related. The volume before us does not make any remarkable revelations, but it gives reality and substance to the general views of the period which the reader derives from Robertson and other writers. It authenticates the transactions of that famous age; and, like all original memoirs of great actors in affairs, it gives the reader a lively view of history in its first formation, before being subjected to the writer's pen.

The most interesting questions brought under discussion in these letters are—the candidature of Wolsey for the Papal chair,—the imprisonment of Francis the First after the battle of Pavia, and the Emperor's treatment of his prisoner,—the views of Charles towards the followers of Luther,—and his letters on the state of Europe to his brother Archduke Ferdinand. The despatches from Chapuys (the Capucius of Shakspeare), Ambassador from Charles at London, are also extremely interesting.

Whether Charles really wished that Wolsey should be elected to the Papacy on the death of Leo, has been a disputed point amongst historians,—opinion inclining to the view that he was not sincere in his avowed intention of supporting Wolsey's claims. The letters in this volume show that Robertson certainly underrated the chances in favour of Wolsey. In book 2 of his 'Age of Charles V.,' Robertson says, "Notwithstanding all the Emperor's magnificent promises to favour his (Wolsey's) pretensions, of which that prelate did not fail to remind him, it appears that his name was scarcely mentioned in the Conclave."—Mr. Bradford quotes the evidence supplied by Mr. Sharon Turner's researches that Robertson was mistaken, as Wolsey on the scrutiny had several votes. The following letter from Charles to Henry the Eighth is certainly full of the "magnificent promises" alluded to by Robertson.—

"From Charles the Fifth to the King of England.

"Dated Ghent, the 27th of December, 1521.

"My good uncle, brother, and father! I most heartily recommend myself to you, having received the letters by your first Secretary Pace, which you wrote with your own hand, and having learned from them, as well as by relation at length from your aforesaid Secretary, all your thoughts and desires touching the election of the new Pope, which bear the most perfect conformity with all I have hitherto myself thought and wished, respecting the person of my especial friend Monseigneur the Cardinal of York; of which sentiments he could not fail to be assured by the letters, which I immediately wrote, on receiving the news of the death of our late holy father. For, certes, the prudence, learning, integrity, experience, as well as other virtues and accomplishments, for which he is distinguished, render him eminently worthy of such a dignity. I have, therefore, in coming to the knowledge of your intentions and his, hastened letters in the best form I could devise, for the promotion of the said Seigneur Cardinal to the said holy see, as will appear by the copies of my letters given to the said Pace, along with the originals; inasmuch, that you yourself as well as the said Seigneur Cardinal may rest perfectly assured of my most earnest co-operation, and that

there is nothing which I would leave undone which might contribute to this good effect; and glad should I be, could he see with his own eyes, and understand the full extent of the assistance I am ready to offer, not only in letters and words of myself and my friends, but also, should need be, by force of hand, in employing all the army which I have in Italy, and that not a small one; for besides the forces I have now in Lombardy, there remain in our Kingdom of Naples, the five hundred men at arms, and the five hundred light cavalry of the rear Guard, which might be brought forward on any sudden emergency, as my Ambassador will more particularly inform you. And now I will conclude, praying the blessed Son of God to give you a good, happy, and long life."

It was rumoured that Don John Manuel had, on the part of Charles, interested himself in the election of Adrian to the Papacy; whereupon the Emperor addresses a despatch to Mezza, his Ambassador at London, to the following effect.

"With regard to the news which the Sieur Cardinal intimates having received from Rome, you may confidently assure him that Don John Manuel had no sort of commission from us to interest himself in favour of Medicis, or of any other person whatsoever, except Wolsey himself. The letters requiring him to make every possible effort to secure Wolsey's election, had not then arrived; and before the actual meeting of the Conclave, he had no other orders from us than to remind the Members of the sacred college, collectively and individually, strictly to do their duty in making such a choice, as promised to be most conducive to the welfare of the Church, and the cause of Christianity. But since, at the time when the election took place, neither Pace nor the courier had reached Rome, it is in the highest degree improbable that Don John should have made interest for Medicis in particular; and indeed the result seems to prove the contrary. The choice, which fell upon one who was never even contemplated by any party, appears to have been rather the choice of God than of men. And seeing that our dispatch did not arrive in time to operate in favour of the Sieur Legate's election, he may nevertheless be pleased with the choice of one, who of the whole college is the person most likely to do him favour and advantage."

The letters on this subject from Charles give a certain amount of *prima facie* evidence in favour of his being disposed to support Wolsey:—but even this volume contains so many proofs of his being a thorough diplomatist, that we cannot be sure whether in the very plainest letter there may not be an *arrière pensée*. The letter from Mezza to Charles with respect to this election is enough to make us suspect double dealing in all his transactions. Mezza writes:—

"Besides in a negotiation so delicate, where inconvenience might arise, unless conducted with the utmost caution, and particularly when the chances in favour of the said Cardinal of York may turn out less probable than is hoped; it is thought expedient to provide against such a contingency, by taking good care that the Cardinal of Medicis, his most powerful opponent, should not be offended. In order, therefore, to secure his friendship, measures are to be so arranged, as to show that your Majesties in all your proceedings are doing nothing to his prejudice, but even all for his advantage; unless it should appear that his chance was small, and then that every possible effort should be made openly for the most reverend the Cardinal of York. It is with this design that the King of England writes two letters to the Cardinals, one in favour of the Cardinal of York, and the other in favour of the Cardinal of Medicis, and suggests, that your Majesty, if it so please you, should do the like, and that his Envoy associated with your Majesty's Ambassador at Rome (the Sieur John Manuel) should make use of the said letters according to circumstances, and say and do whatever else your Majesty may judge more convenient."

Plausible reasons may be employed on either side of the question as to the Emperor's sincerity towards Wolsey. Whether the event was in the power of Charles may be doubted very reason-

ably, from the circumstance that the election of Adrian came with surprise on all. The letter of Adrian on his election, addressed to the Emperor, is a very pleasing one, and shows that he felt Charles could not be sorry for his election; but it gives proof also that Charles did not exert his influence for him. The reader will be struck with the sentiments in the first paragraph,—and it would not be difficult to mention another Pope who would echo them.—

"Très cher et très amé Fils! Health and apostolical benediction. I have been rejoiced on receiving the letter which your Majesty has written to me with your own hand, in finding that it has not escaped your memory what you have heard from me, and learned in our hours of study, that the French are ever rich and abundant in promises, as well as in all fair and soft speeches; whilst their acts of friendship are always measured by the standard of their interest."

Adrian had been preceptor of Charles the Fifth; and the letter concludes thus:—

"I cannot, therefore, suppress my satisfaction in having attained to this elevation without the exercise of your influence, inconsistent as that would have been with the parity and sincerity which divine and human rights require in such proceedings; and in saying this, you will be assured that I feel as much, if not more truly devoted to your Majesty, than if I had owed to your means and prayers my present advancement. Your Majesty will nowise doubt of the constancy and continuance of my affection; and as hitherto, in all matters of negotiation and treaty, I have ever considered your interests before any personal objects of my own, I shall not cease so to view them; and therefore beg you never to entertain an idea of my being led to reverse this order, and to think of any self-aggrandisement, to the detriment and undervaluing of what may concern your Majesty."

The treatment which Francis the First experienced while a prisoner has been always a subject of reproach against Charles. That the Emperor intended to extract as much as he could from the political difficulties of his prisoner, is very certain, from the anxiety which he evinced that Francis should not escape. To the Viceroy of Naples, who had the custody of the French King's person, Charles addressed the following letter,—which is a very fair specimen of the wary and thoughtful monarch's despatches.—

"First as to the person of the King of France; it is our desire that he should be well treated, and even better, if it be possible, than he has already been,—provided always that he is well secured; and for this purpose three places have been named to us, which are said to be very suitable. The one is Patina near Valencia, another Chinchilla in Castile, for which it would be necessary to disembark at Carthagena, and the third Mora, which is a considerable distance from you and not more than five leagues hence. It appears to us that the said Patina, being situated in an agreeable part of the country, and being the nearest point to Saulo or to any port in Catalonia where you might disembark, would be the best and most secure place we could fix on for the King, always, be it understood, with a good guard about him, as usual, and as you know to be necessary. At the same time, if any other place should appear to you more likely to keep his person in greater safety, and not liable to inconvenience, you are at liberty to determine on this point as you think best, with this condition, that a sea port must not be fixed on, which might be dangerous. As to your coming to us, it is the thing which we have always most desired were it possible, and now that there is so good an opportunity we the more desire it, when you may be sure you will be more than welcome, and not only give us pleasure, but render us service. The sooner you come the better, as you will see by the dispatch which we believe Figueroa, who left us two days ago, will have already brought you, in which we inform you of many important things touching the affairs of Italy, that inasmuch as new circumstances require new counsels, it is our intention so with you to advise, conclude and resolve, as may best promote our service. After which it will be necessary with all diligence to make

known our resolves to those in Italy, who ought to be acquainted with them, that no time may be lost in the execution of whatever, as has been intimated, shall in your presence and with your advice be determined on. As every thing therefore must remain in suspense till your arrival, we have dispatched a special courier to M. de Bourbon, begging him to await where he at present is the further communication of our intentions, and another also to the Marquis of Pescara, requiring him not to abate in his endeavours to fulfil the charge which you committed to him, holding out a good hope that his services will not be unrequited. Whether you think good to accompany the said King of France to Patina, or to whatever place he may be conducted, or to come incontinently to us, leaving the aforesaid charge to Alarcon, we commit to your own discretion; begging you not to forget that your presence here is most desirable, and to take care, that the King and his attendants should have no lack of horses on his journey, that he may be sensible of the interest we take in his progress, and of our earnest desire that his treatment in all respects may be good and honourable. We write to our cousin the Marquis of Brandenburg now being at Valencia, that he should pay the King a visit on our part, and see that horses be provided. This letter will be intrusted to your care, and you will read it.

—Write also yourself to the said Marquis, giving him your instructions as to what he should do and say, and among them, that he make his visit handsomely accompanied, as he well knows how. As to what is to be done with our said fleet which you have brought, it is my wish on this subject also to consult with you in person, and to have your opinion and advice. It is our desire that before you take your leave of the King of France you should endeavour, if possible, that, besides what he has already accorded, in case it should prove not desirable that his Galleys should return to Genoa, the rest of the French fleet should abstain from making war or causing damage to any of our vassals or servants during the term of fifteen days after the arrival of our fleet on the coasts of Spain. You might indeed prolong this term to two months or less after the expiration of the fifteen days, but for this it would be necessary to take the precaution of sufficient security, and also that the six galleys of the King of France should remain with ours, as you have been at the charge of their equipment. With regard to the ten thousand ducats which you have thought necessary for the said fleet, we have incontinently ordered them to be forthcoming, and will transmit them as soon as possible without fail."

There are few more interesting passages in the history of the times than the story of the imprisonment of Francis,—his brave spirit at last yielding under his misfortunes, until Charles, fearing that the death of his prisoner would counteract the schemes which he meditated, visited him in his prison and revived him by making kind promises. The historians of the period are not sufficiently full in their accounts of the captivity of the French king; and we have perused with interest the letters in this volume relating to Francis and to the visit paid him in prison by his favorite sister, Marguerite de Valois (Duchess of Alençon), whom Francis called "La Marguerite des Marguerites." From an autograph minute, Mr. Bradford prints the following note from Charles to his prisoner Francis.—

"It is with pleasure that I have heard of your arrival in this direction, because I hope it will be the cause of a good peace between us, for the great benefit of Christendom, the thing which I most desire. I have ordered my Viceroy of Naples to proceed onwards to me, to inform me of your intentions, and I have charged him to direct the same honourable treatment towards you which has been hitherto observed, or still better, that you may be assured of my desire to be and remain your true good brother and friend."

When it was determined that the Duchesse d'Alençon should visit Francis, and treat for terms of peace,—Charles in another autograph letter thus addresses his captive.—

"My Viceroy of Naples is arrived, and with him the Mareschal Montmorency, who has delivered to

me your letter, and acquainted me with all he has been commissioned to say. It has given me pleasure to learn the favourable desire you have expressed to expedite the negotiation for an universal peace; for which end I have willingly granted a safe conduct for Madame the Duchess of Alençon your sister, hoping she will come provided with all the necessary powers for the conclusion of so desirable an event, when we may then hope to meet. It is with a view to peace that I made provisions for your coming into this country; and when that is accomplished, we may take counsel together for the execution of what I have much at heart, a war against the Infidels, in which I doubt not you will gladly participate. In thus doing, which I pray may be your desire, you will cause me to remain always your true good servant and friend."

Charles in person conducted the Duchesse d'Alençon to the captive king; and we find a letter from the duchess acknowledging the kindness of Charles in subsequently visiting Francis.—

"Sire,—The kind visit which you have been pleased to make to the King my brother, and the good words which the present satisfactory messenger has brought him from you, as well as the letters you have condescended to write to me with your own hand, and which I have shown him, have given him so much comfort and ease, that I now see him out of all danger for the present, rejoicing in the hope of a speedy termination of affairs, and the continuation of your entire friendship. Whereupon, Sire, for fear of a relapse, which might prove fatal, and thus deprive you of so good and affectionate a friend and brother as I know him to be, may it please you to permit for the same cause that you kindly agreed to my coming here, that I should shortly go to you, in order that I may at once witness the union of two Princes, whom God has placed together upon earth, and endowed with greater power and excellence than others, for some inestimable good. And this I now more than ever hope for.—Your most humble

"MARGUERITE."

After a treaty had been made between Charles and Francis, the Emperor, fearing that deceit might be employed, stipulated that there should be hostages,—either the two eldest sons of Francis, or else twelve of the chief nobility of France. The Emperor, suspicious that false persons might be substituted for the genuine hostages, addresses to De Praet, his ambassador to the French court, the following caution:—

"In like manner as the said Seigneur King is bound to deliver up to us certain hostages, as you will see by this treaty, we desire that you will and carefully inform yourself who the said hostages are to be, whether the King's two eldest sons, or Monseigneur the Dauphin and twelve of the principal nobility. We desire that you will advise us of the same, together with every other particular, especially concerning the preparations which they may be making to fulfil their part in the treaty. But the point to which we have principally to direct your attention is, that you take especial notice of, and be regardless of the persons of the three children of France, that you make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the visage, physiognomy, size, and person of each, that when it comes to the delivering of them over according to the treaty, there may be no trickery in substituting one person for another, and that you may be able of a certainty to recognize them as the identical persons whom we ought to have. Our Viceroy of Naples is to take the charge of the said delivery and acceptance, and as you are aware he can have no personal knowledge himself of the said children, it is a matter of necessity that you should be well acquainted with all these particulars; and further we desire that on your arrival at Bayonne you report the same to our said Viceroy, and receive his instructions as to what in this matter he may then require."

The precautions of Charles were not unequalled. Francis, feeling that Charles had exacted hard conditions from him, broke the Treaty of Madrid,—and thereby left a great stain on his honour. Before he actually signed this treaty, he exacted an oath of secrecy from his counsel-

lors, and in their presence announced that he would not keep the treaty which he was on the point of signing. He pretended to justify his conduct by recounting what Robertson calls "the dishonourable arts and unprincipled rigour" which he experienced from Charles. The conduct of Francis in violating the Treaty of Madrid, and the diplomacy of Charles as shown in the letters before us, make us feel that the sentiments of an age of chivalry were of the Joseph Surface standard.

Next week we may probably endeavour to find room for some extracts from the despatches of Chapuys to the Emperor.

Memoirs of Eminent Etonians; with Notices of the Early History of Eton College. By Edward S. Creasy, M.A. Bentley.

WHEN we saw how richly was spread the table of contents in this portly and handsome volume, and remembered that, betwixt the days of William of Waynflete and of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the "antique towers" sung by Gray had successively sheltered some of the best blood, the bravest natures, and the highest gifts boasted by old England,—we laid the *Memoirs* aside for a deliberate talk concerning some among the distinguished Etonians whose names are there enrolled. But on returning to Mr. Creasy's book, it proved, what indeed might have been anticipated, a volume to be characterized generally rather than anatomized in detail. It was impossible that a single volume containing more than one hundred biographical notices should be much more than a work to be interleaved with comment, anecdote and additional information: and it speaks well for our author that his task when completed wears so little of a catch-penny air. The proportions of its several parts do not always represent the importance of its subjects; the literary men generally faring better than the scholars or the statesmen. One notice touching a distinguished person who adorned his statesmanship with "literary amenities," will be welcome to the general circle of scholastic readers, though the poem extracted is already familiar to the select few of them. The "eminent Etonian" in question is the Marquis of Wellesley.—

"Much of Lord Wellesley's time during the last portion of his life was passed in the vicinity of Eton, and now in the leisure of his old age he fondly returned to those classical studies and compositions which had been the delight and the pride of his youthful days. A volume of poems, entitled '*Primæ et Reliquiæ*,' was printed for private distribution in the eighty-first year of his age. Some of these had been recently written, and they exhibit in an astonishing degree his unimpaired vigour of intellect and his unaltered elegance of taste. One poem in this volume justly attracted universal admiration. In the grounds of the house which was occupied by Lord Wellesley near Eton, there are some very beautiful willows overhanging the Thames, which are of the species introduced into Europe from the East, and called '*The Willow of Babylon*.' Lord Wellesley composed the following Latin verses, which he himself translated into English, on this subject:—

Salix Babylonica.

Pauca mesta comis, formosa doloris imago,
Quæ, stentis stillicis, pendens in amne salix,
Aspiratis nata in ripa Babylonis sub altâ
Delictis Hebræis sustinuisse lyras;
Cum terrâ ignotâ proles Solymanæ refugit
Veternum patriæ jussa movere melos;
Imperisque lyris, et luctu muta, sedebat,
In lacrymis memorans Te, veneranda Sion!
Te, dilecta Sion! frustra sacrasit Jehovah,
Te, presentis Aëdis irridita Deo!
Hinc pedes barbarico, et manibus temerata profanis,
Hinc orbata Tuis, et taciturna Domus!
At tu pulchra Salix Thamesini littoris hospes,
Quæ sacra, et nobis pignora sacra feras!
Quæ cecidit Judæa, mones, captiva sub ira,
Veneriem stravit quæ Babylona manus;
Iste, sacros, sacra et ritus servare Parentum,
Varoque, et antiquâ vi stabilire Fidem.

Me quoties curas suadent lenire seniles
Umbra tua et viridi ripa beata toro,
Sic mihi, primitiæque meas tennesque, triumphos
Sic revocare tuos, dulcis Etona! dies.
Auspice te, summas mirari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire Jubar,
Edidici Puer, et jam primo in limine vitæ—
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias:
O juncta Aonidium lauro præcepta salutis
Æternæ! et Musis consociata Fides!
O felix Doctrina! et divini insita lueo;
Quæ tuleras animo lumina fausta meo!
Incorrupta, precor, maneat, atque integra, neu te
Aura regis populi, neu novitatis amor:
Stet quoque prisca Domus; (neque enim manus impla
tangat!)

Floreat in mediis intermentata minis.
Det Patribus Patres, populoque det inclyta Cives,
Eloquiumque Foro, Judiciale decus,
Consilisque animos, magnæque det ordine Genti
Immortalem altâ cum pietate Fidem.
Floreat, intacta per postera secula famâ,
Cura diu Patriæ, Cura paternæ Del.

The English version of the above, though sufficiently academical, is comparatively flat and inelegant.

While glancing over Mr. Creasy's record, we have been arrested by the very last name on its pages—the name of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. This gentleman's fugitive lyrics and arabesque romances, half sardonic half sentimental, have been prized by us ever since we met them side by side with Mr. Macaulay's Cavalier and Roundhead ballads and with Mr. Moultrie's Whistcraft epic in the numbers of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. Here is a political rhyme by Mr. Praed, which may be pitted against the whig "jingles" of Thomas Browne the younger.—

On seeing the Speaker asleep in his Chair in one of the Debates of the First Reformed Parliament.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, 'tis surely fair
If you mayn't in your bed, that you should in your chair.
Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, Aye and No;
Talking by night, and talking by day.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker; sleep while you may.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker; slumber lies
Light and brief on Speaker's eyes.
Fleiden or Finn in a minute or two
Some disorderly thing will do;
Riot will chase repose away.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker. Sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill.
Sweet to the children that work in the mill.
You have more need of repose than they,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen pence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time,
When loyalty was not quite a crime.
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord, how principles pass away!
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

If we have not dreamed of such a book, we believe that the poems of Mr. Praed have been collected and re-published in America. There must be many persons in England to whose library shelves such a re-publication would also be a welcome addition.

A History of the Romans under the Empire.

By Charles Merivale, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Vols. I. and II. Longman & Co.

THE latter half of Roman history narrated philosophically would present one of the most impressive proofs within the records of human experience that political immorality, like private vice, is ever pregnant with destruction. The conclusions of abstract ethics have but little inter-penetrating and moulding influence on human character; generally speaking, they neither excite the imagination nor touch the heart. It is only when the operation of the great moral laws is traced in events of actual occurrence, either in the lives of individuals or in the career of nations,—when, to use Lord

Eldon's expression, principles are seen clothed in circumstances,—that the mind is adequately impressed with the might and majesty of moral truth. To exhibit past events as they actually occurred, and yet in a manner that shall most quickly instruct and most permanently impress the mind, is the object of the science of history,—and a historian is worthy of the title exactly in proportion as he realizes this object in his works. The philosophic historian must, therefore, possess rare mental endowments. He must be able to impart instruction, to excite interest, and indelibly to impress the memory at the same time. The poet may rely on imagination, the philosopher on reasoning,—a very high degree of both reason and idealism must belong to the successful historian; and the difficulty of meeting in the same individual a combination of qualities so different from each other explains the rarity of a really good history.

These observations will find their application in our notice of the volumes before us. Mr. Merivale would seem to belong rather to the school of Hallam or Mackintosh than to that of Macaulay; in other words, his reflections are, we think, superior to his descriptions, and the ratiocinative element predominates over the imaginative in the composition and style of these volumes. In a perfect history these two elements would be equally balanced, as we find to be the case in the most celebrated passages of the great historians. Take, for instance, the account given by Thucydides of the Sicilian expedition; or the profound analysis and artistic exhibition of the character of Tiberius interspersed throughout the sixth book of the *Annals* of Tacitus; or, to mention an example perhaps more familiar to our readers, some of the best parts of Carlyle's '*French Revolution*.' In all these instances the men of past times—the actors in the drama of the world—are made to rise once more before us, and to play their parts over again. We see them move, we hear them speak, the subtle logic of the historian reveals their very thoughts. Events and the causes of events, actions and the motives of actions, are disclosed in bold distinctness to our intellectual vision,—which thus transcends the limits of ordinary experience, and pierces through the material into the spiritual. Nor is this all. The moral world, when truly portrayed by the hand of a master, is found to present a spectacle not less edifying and consoling than the material. The calm and catholic eye of reason will detect everywhere the firm outlines of symmetry and grandeur, which time shall fill up with tints of beauty. It is the good and the true that are alone permanent, and give character and tone to the whole; and students have read history to little purpose who have not found that its lessons strengthen a sober faith in human nature, develop and intensify every noble aspiration, and by imparting a tone of health and vigour to the mind render it more capable of assisting in the great work of human progress.

The events of Roman history from the first Triumvirate to the death of Julius Cæsar are related in these two volumes. The life and times of that great man were both the close and the commencement of an era.—

"Cæsar prostrated the Roman oligarchy, and laid the foundations of the Empire in the will of the middle classes. He levelled the barriers of municipal, and infused provincial blood into the senate and people of Rome. Preceding emperors had annexed provinces, Cæsar began to organize the conquests of the commonwealth. From an early period of his career he was fully conscious of the real nature of the revolution on which he was embarked; but if it was his hand that moulded and directed it, the change he effected was in fact demanded by his party and enforced by circumstances. Though the struc-

ture of his personal ambition perished with him, the social foundations on which it rested remained firmly rooted in the soil; and the comprehensive imperium of his successors rose majestic and secure from the lines originally drawn by the most sagacious statesman of the commonwealth. The career of Cæsar is the prelude to the history of four centuries."

"Rome," says Montesquieu, "lost her liberty because she completed her work too soon." The improvement of her laws did not keep pace with the progress of her foreign conquests. No government can be permanently free unless it contains within itself a power of self-correction, and of adaptation to new combinations of circumstances. The dwindling away of the middle class into impotence and insignificance is always, the experience of history assures us, a pretty sure indication that this adaptability is enfeebled or diseased, and that a violent political crisis is approaching. The connexion between the welfare of the middle class and the stability of political institutions is never more clearly seen than in the history of the last days of the Roman Republic. The middle class for all political purposes had ceased to exist except in name. Its members had joined the ranks of the retainers and dependents of the oligarchy, or had become satellites of the leading political adventurers. The honourable intentions and adroit ability of Cicero, the professed hero of the middle class, were of little avail against the machinations of the demagogue Clodius; and, in order to secure his safety, the "father of his country" was content to lay his political independence at the shrine of Pompey. The following passage, which describes the state of parties just after the defeat of Catiline's conspiracy, will confirm the above observations, and is a fair specimen of Mr. Merivale's manner of treating his subject.—

"The ranks of both parties in the state were filled, with men of practical ability, whose lives had been passed in the free and active spheres of the camp and the forum; but, with the exception of Cæsar himself, it would be difficult to point out a single individual of original genius, or one who could discern the signs of the times, and conceive comprehensive measures in harmony with them. The temper of the Roman people at this crisis of their history required the guidance of a mind of more vigorous grasp than was possessed by a Cicero or a Pompeius, whose talents as public men were limited to a capacity for administration, in which respect we shall have occasion more than once to signalize their ability, but who could neither understand nor grapple with the great evil of the Sullan revolution, which had checked the natural progress of reform demanded by the extension of the Roman franchise, and restored the landmarks of a constitution which was no longer the legitimate exponent of the national character. The people had already undergone a marked change in their ideas and motives of action, while they were still clinging, with the pertinacity for which they were remarkable, to forms from which the living spirit had departed. The extent and rapid succession of their conquests, bringing with them an overwhelming accession of public and private wealth, had filled men's minds with the wildest anticipations. The extravagance of each succeeding year eclipsed the profuseness of its predecessor. M. Lepidus, the consul in the year of Sulla's death, erected the most magnificent dwelling that had been seen up to his day in Rome; within thirty-five years it was outshone by not fewer than a hundred mansions. The same was the case with the extension of the territorial possessions of the nobility, their accumulation of plate, jewels, and every other article of luxury, and not less the multiplication of their slaves and dependents. The immoderate interest which ready money commanded shows that the opening of new channels to enterprize outstripped even the rapid multiplication of wealth. Mines of gold lay, as it were, at the feet of any man who could procure means to purchase the soil above them. The price was trifling compared with the gains to be acquired; but whether the speculator succeeded or was ruined, the usurer

reared a stately fortune in ease and security. All eyes were turned from the barrenness of the past and fixed upon a future of boundless promise. Men laughed at the narrow notions of their parents and even of their own earlier years. It is only once or twice in the course of ages, as on the discovery of a new continent or the overthrow of a vast spiritual dominion, that the human imagination springs, as it were, to the full proportion of its gigantic stature. But even a generation which has witnessed, like our own, an extraordinary development of industrial resources and mechanical appliances, and has remarked within its own sphere of progress how such circumstances give the rein to the imagination, what contempt for the past, what complacent admiration of the present, and what daring anticipations they engender regarding the future, may enter into the feelings of the Romans at this period of social agitation, and realize the ideas of an age of popular delirium. When the mind of a nation is thus excited and intoxicated by its fervid aspirations, it seeks relief from its own want of definite aims in hailing the appearance of a leader of clearer views and more decisive action. It wants a hero to applaud and to follow, and is ready to seize upon the first that presents himself as an object for its admiration, and to carry him forward on his career in triumph. Marius, Sulla, and Pompeius, each in their turn claimed this eager homage of the multitude; but the two former had passed away with their generation, and the last lived to disappoint the hopes of his admirers, for whom he was not capable of extending the circuit of the political horizon. For a moment the multitude was dazzled by the eloquence and activity of Cicero, but neither had he the intellectual gifts which are fitted to lead a people onward. The Romans hailed him as the saviour and father of his country, as another Romulus or Camillus; but this was in a fit of transient enthusiasm for the past, when their minds were recurring for a moment to their early founders and preservers. It was still to the future that their eyes were constantly directed; and it was not till the genius of Cæsar burst upon them, with all the rapidity and decision of its movements, that they could recognize in any of the aspirants to power the true captain and lawgiver and prophet of the age."

Accordingly, the history of this period naturally centres in Cæsar. Of the extraordinary men who have risen to empire by their own genius and force of character, Cæsar is perhaps the greatest. "He was great," says Drumann, quoted by Mr. Merivale, "in every thing he undertook; as a captain, a statesman, a lawgiver, a jurist, an orator, a poet, an historian, a grammarian, a mathematician, and an architect."

"But the province of the historian must be kept distinct from that of the biographer. For the former the survey of Cæsar's character derives its chief interest from the manner in which it illustrates the times wherein he occupied so prominent a place. The disposition and conduct of the great man we have been contemplating correspond faithfully with the intellectual and moral development of the age of which he was the most perfect representative. He combined literature with action, humanity with sternness, free-thinking with superstition, energy with voluptuousness, a noble and liberal ambition with a fearful want of moral principle. In these striking inconsistencies, which none but himself could blend in one harmonious temperament, he represented the manifold conflicting tendencies which appeared in various proportions in the character of the Roman nobility, at a period when they had thrown off the formal restraints of their Etruscan discipline, and the specious indulgence of Hellenic cultivation lured them into vice, selfishness, and impiety."

There hangs but little uncertainty around the occurrences related in this portion of Mr. Merivale's work. The authorities are clear and sufficient, except on two topics,—the conspiracy of Catiline, and the details of the Parthian expedition of Crassus. On the latter Mr. Merivale writes with considerable animation and graphic clearness,—and at times his narrative will pleasingly remind the reader of the parallel passage in Gibbon relating to the expedition of

the emperor Julian. The rhetoric of Sallust and the vanity of Cicero have rendered necessary the application of a searching criticism to the accounts which the works of these authors contain of Catiline and his conspiracy.

"Catilinam Quocunque in populo videns, quocunque sub axe." Political bigotry always finds many Catilines in the ranks of the hostile party. Political partisans possessed of more genius and talent than regard for truth are not the best biographers of their opponents. It would be almost affectation to doubt the depravity of Catiline; but to what extent, if any, was he a tool in the hands of Cæsar? Cæsar and Pompey, to promote their ambitious schemes, condescended to make use of Clodius, — a man whose vices, if we may credit Cicero, placed him little above the level of Catiline. Mr. Merivale is evidently partial to Cæsar. He is willing to admit that Cæsar speculated, as most probably did Pompey and Crassus, not without complacency, on the result of an outbreak which threatened to divide and weaken the nobility:—but he says there are many circumstances which make it extremely improbable that a personage of Cæsar's character and views would mingle in an enterprise of such a nature. Mr. Merivale has not clearly specified these circumstances. Although Cæsar was perhaps, as we have admitted, the greatest of great men of a certain class, it must not be forgotten that this very admission heightens our idea of his intense selfishness and unscrupulousness wherever the prospect of obtaining dominion was concerned. Besides, cognizance in a man like Cæsar of so infamous a scheme was almost as guilty as participation in it. The fact that Cicero declined to bring such a charge against Cæsar, in our opinion proves nothing:—the deficiency of Cicero in moral courage is well known. We could have wished that Mr. Merivale had written rather more explicitly on this subject. His great erudition and sound judgment, so evident in other parts of these volumes, would then perhaps have enabled him to remove the veil which in some measure still obscures this interesting portion of Roman history.

We had marked many passages for quotation:—one contains a few of the reflections with which Mr. Merivale prefaces his narrative of the final struggle between Pompey and Cæsar.—

"At the moment when great political principles meet in decisive conflict, it may be observed that the inclinations of the mass of the honourable and well-intentioned, who constitute perhaps generally the numerical strength of a party, are swayed in favour of the side which seems to embrace the men of highest renown for patriotism and probity. It is much easier to distinguish who are the most honest men, than to discover which are the soundest principles; and it seems safer to choose the side which boasts of philosophers and patriots in its ranks than that which is branded as the refuge of spendthrifts and apostates. * * We may remember that Cæsar, as he appeared to the eyes of the Roman nobility at this period of his career, was an adventurer of dissolute manners and the loosest principles. For many years all his actions had been blackened by the systematic calumnies with which he was assailed, even beyond the common measure which fell to the lot of contemporary statesmen. It required more than usual candour, particularly in his avowed enemies, to divest the mind of a peculiar prejudice against him. Nevertheless, his conduct as a statesman and warrior in his foreign governments might have served to disabuse public opinion of its grossest errors in this respect. Assuredly none could fairly deny that he had formed to himself friends and admirers from among men of the best families and the highest principles. A Cicero, a Crassus, a Brutus, had been his most devoted partisans. * * But, in spite of the plainness of this fact, the charge was constantly reiterated: the men whom the arch-traitor could attach to himself could be none, it was insisted, but monsters of vice, cruelty, and profligacy. The

prevailed by repetition; and the waverers, unable to see clearly for themselves through the cloud of interested sophistry, were frightened, if not convinced, and learnt to shrink with horror from a cause which was thus atrociously misrepresented. Cicero himself, of all men the most easily deceived by the colouring of political partizans, was deluded by this clamour. Much as he hated and feared the nobles, from whose victory he expected nothing but violence and illegal usurpation, he had not the firmness fairly to review the cause and objects for which Caesar was in arms. If the invader's personal aim was self-aggrandizement, the same was at least equally true of his opponent. If Pompeius, on the other hand, had refrained hitherto from acts of violence, every one was ready to acknowledge that he was deterred by no principle—it was only because the necessities of the senate had compelled it to throw its powers unreservedly into his hands. The event of the impending contest would undoubtedly place him, if successful, in the position he had long coveted, of a military tyrant. * * It is not the province of the historian to condemn or absolve the great names of human annals. He leaves the philosophic moralist to denounce crimes or errors, upon a full survey of the character and position of the men and their times; but it is his business to distinguish, in analysing the causes of events, between the personal views of the actors in revolutions and the general interests which their conduct subserved, and to claim for their deeds the sympathy of posterity in proportion as they tended to the benefit of mankind. He may be allowed to lament the pettiness of the statesmen of this epoch, and the narrow idea they formed of public interests in the contest between Caesar and his rival. Above all, he must regret that a man to whom we owe so much affection as Cicero should have been deceived by a selfish and hypocritical outcry; for Cicero succeeded in persuading himself that the real patriots were all on the side of the oligarchy, and that it was his duty as a philosopher to follow, not the truth, but the true men—not right judgment, but honourable sentiment."

We pass over the description of the celebration of Caesar's four triumphs,—reviving all our classic associations of Roman munificence and ferocity:—on the left, the route of triumph leading the conqueror to the Capitoline Temple,—on the right, the road to the Mamertine prison, in the dungeon of which Verginietrix doubtless met with firmness and dignity the fate to which he had so long been doomed. We pass over Caesar's visit to Cicero in his villa at Puteoli, where the conversation sparkled with the most refined wit, and the railway, though rude to modern nations, served at least to exercise and enliven the equanimity of the guests. We refer our readers to Mr. Merivale's volumes with a strong conviction that the author has commenced a work for the composition of which he appears eminently qualified, and which, if continued in the same spirit, will supply a want that has long been felt both by scholars and by the public. Mr. Merivale does not display the brilliancy or *verve* of Gibbon or Macaulay; but he evidently has ample powers of doing justice to his subject, and of producing a work on Roman history which will take a very high position in English literature.

An Introduction to Conchology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Molluscous Animals. By George Johnston, M.D., L.L.D. Van Voorst.

In our obituary notice last week of the Rev. William Kirby, we remarked that the 'Introduction to Entomology' written by him in conjunction with Mr. Spence, in the form of familiar letters, had served for the model of many an entertaining and instructive volume. The work before us is one of these,—and is from the pen of an accomplished writer. Dr. Johnston has long been honourably distinguished among naturalists for his researches on the

history of sponges, corallines and other minute animals, but his attention has been almost wholly confined to British zoology. His 'Introduction to Conchology' will scarcely rank with that on which it is founded, for the reason that the author is less practically acquainted with the foreign history of his subject. His work, of which the material portion was contributed some twenty years ago to 'Loudon's Magazine of Natural History,' is an industrious compilation of many an oft-told tale, real, fabulous, traditional, humorous and abstruse, delightfully written in some parts, but rather ponderous in others,—the last hundred pages, for example, being occupied by a tedious history of systems, which increases the weight of the book without adding to its usefulness.

The author has, moreover, relied too much on communicated materials published elsewhere, and much in need of criticism. Take, for instance, that in which the operculum of the univalve mollusk is said to be the analogue of the second valve of the bivalve mollusk,—a theory demolished long since. The works of other contemporary writers recording facts observed by living travellers abroad, in place of generalizations at home, are apparently unknown to him. A chapter on the geographical distribution of molluscous animals, on their arrangement in zones and provinces of types, and on their paleontological relations—an interesting summary of which might be gleaned from the writings of Prof. Edward Forbes, Mr. John H. Redfield, Mr. Lovell Reeve and others,—would have been more acceptable.

The strength of Dr. Johnston's work as a book of entertaining reading lies in the first half-dozen letters, notwithstanding that they open with a somewhat uninviting paradox. We pass this over, for an example of the fabulous.—

"Had you a spark of the amiable credulousness of our forefathers; or were you one of those accommodating good-natured people who, like the brother in a tale of Mr. Crabbe's, are ever

Ready wonders to receive,
Prone to assent and willing to believe,
this would be my place to speak of 'things that are rather wonderful than true,'—of a cuttle in the ocean of Gades between Portugal and Andalusia, which, like a mighty great tree, spread abroad its arms, 'that in regard thereof only, it is thought verily it never entered into the straits or narrow sea thereby of Gibraltar: of another with a head as large as a hog's-head, and with arms thirty feet long, furnished with cups like great basons, capable of holding four or five gallons a-piece, and which, being over fond of salt fish, used to venture ashore and pilfer the sailors' stores, until he was killed in a desperate battle with dogs and men. * * That the Cephalopods have size and strength enough for the truculent deeds ascribed to them may be admitted, but the will and necessary agility is wanted."

We can assure our author, however, that a gentleman lately informed us of an accident that placed his life in imminent peril from one of these creatures. Whilst bathing in the Bay of Naples, a huge *Octopus* caught him by the leg, and on seeing a streak of blood in the water, he only just saved himself by striking the beast down with an oar which he had at hand. Dr. Johnston also cautions his reader—we think unnecessarily—"against the assertion of those who say that the *Mitra episcopalis* wounds with a kind of pointed trunk." The Mollusca are a very inactive tribe of animals, but not so harmless as here described. We know of an instance in which a captain of the Navy, a well-known collector of shells, was very severely wounded at Panama by a Cone, which plunged his proboscis through the fleshy part of the thumb, causing very alarming pain.

Many of the Mollusca furnish excellent eating beyond the delectable *hors d'œuvres* of our own shores.—

"In India the favourite dish bacassan, extolled by Rumphius as the most grateful of all kinds of food, is prepared from the *Tellina gari*; and in South America they use a mussel eight inches long, and of excellent flavour, of which the name is unknown to me. They are often salted and dried; after which they are strung on slender rushes, and, in this manner large quantities are exported. This practice reminds me of a somewhat similar one adopted by the Africans in the neighbourhood of the river Zaire or Congo. They take large quantities of a species of *Mya* from out the mud round Kampenzy Island, and, as in a raw state the animals are without flavour, they stick them on wooden skewers as the French do frogs, and half dry them. They pass thus into a state of semi-putrefaction and become entirely to the taste of the negroes. The natives of New Holland and New Zealand did at the time of their discovery use the *Tridacna gigas* or Dutchman's cockle, a very large shell, a pair of the valves of which were presented as natural curiosities to Francis I. by the Venetians; and which Louis XV., more zealous, as he has himself taken care to let us know, for the glory of God, destined to hold holy water in the magnificent church of St. Sulpice in Paris, where they to this day actually serve the purpose of baptismal fonts."

The Cephalopods of the Mediterranean are said to have afforded many a dainty dish to the inhabitants of ancient Greece and Rome, and are still sold in the Neapolitan market.—

"At the nuptial feast of Iphicrates, who married the daughter of Cotys, king of Thrace, a hundred polypi and sepia were served. The Greek epicures prized them most when they were in a pregnant condition, and had them cooked with high sauces; while the hardy Lacedæmonian boiled the animals entire, and was not disgusted by the black broth formed by their inky liquor diffusing itself in the water. The good old story of Philoxenus may be quoted in illustration.—

Of all fish-eaters
None sure excell'd the lyric bard Philoxenus.
'Twas a prodigious twist! At Syracuse
Fate threw him on the fish call'd "Many-feet."
He purchased it and dress'd it; and the whole,
Bate me the head, formed but a single swallow.
A crudity ensued—the doctor came.
And the first glance inform'd him things went wrong.
And, "Friend," quoth he, "if thou hast aught to set
In order, to it straight;—pass but seven hours,
And thou and life must take a long farewell."
"I've nought to do," replied the bard: "all's right."

I were loath, however,
To troop with less than all my gear about me;—
Good doctor, be my helper then to what
Remains of that same blessed Many-feet."

The author's letter on the economical uses of shells as ornaments and drinking-cups is interesting, and refers not only to tropical countries, but to our own.—

"In the days when Ossian sang, the flat valves of the shallow were the plates and the hollow ones the cups of Fingal and his heroes; hence the term *shell* became expressive of the greatest hospitality. 'Thou, too, hast often accompanied my voice in Branno's hall of shells.' 'The joy of the shell went round, and the aged hero gave the fair'; and there are many passages of a similar import in the poems of the Celtic bard; nor, perhaps, is the custom to which they allude yet wholly extinct. 'We were entertained in the island of Col,' says Boswell, in his tour with Johnson to the Hebrides, 'with a primitive heartiness. Whiskey was carried round in a shell according to the ancient Highland custom. Dr. Johnson would not partake of it; but being desirous of doing honour to the modes "of other times," drank some water out of the shell."

It must not be supposed from these extracts that Dr. Johnston's book is all of this light reading. By far the greater portion of it is occupied with details of physiology, intelligible only to those who are specially learned in the subject. Even these, however, are relieved by occasional anecdotes. With the following pleasantry by Charles Lamb, written anterior to the age of railroads, we conclude:—

"Travelling is not good for us, we travel so seldom. How much more dignified leisure hath a mussel, glued to his impassable rocky limit, two inches square! He hears the tide roll over him backwards and for-

wards twice a day (as the Salisbury long coach goes and returns in eight-and-forty hours), but knows better than to take an outside place a-top on't. He is the owl of the sea, Minerva's fish—the fish of wisdom."

Taken as a whole, the work is one of very meritorious research; and it will doubtless bring many to the cultivation of a science from which they have been hitherto repulsed by the dry-as-dust style in which it has been taught.

The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey. In Six volumes. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Vol. V. Longman & Co.

IN proportion as we approach nearer to times and to persons included within the range of our own experience, do we become increasingly aware of the large amount of blanks and suppressions here existing, and of the mistakes in selection, which deprive the Laureate's biography of much of the relish and savour that it should have possessed.—This volume is less interesting than its predecessor, though it relates to the most interesting portion of Southey's life—his maturity. At the period referred to in its commencement the indefatigable author had just completed 'The Life of Wesley'—was "busily employed upon" 'The Peninsular War,'—was, thirdly, proceeding with 'The Book of the Church' and 'The Colloquies of Sir T. More,'—and by way of "refreshing the machine" (as Scott phrased it) was turning to poetry after tea. Foremost among the Laureate's efforts in verse of this date, must be numbered his unfortunate and tasteless 'Vision of Judgment.' Having allowed for the courtly genuflexions of its poet, which, indeed, in such an upright man as he strike us as being little short of melancholy prostrations,—having noticed the temptation which the mixture of solemnity and puerility in its imagery and machinery (the blending of the church organ and the baby's rattle in its music) could not fail to offer to a keen and bitter and *sore* satirist such as Byron—we still think that this *apotheosis* must live in antiquarian literature, merely for the sake of the form of its versification. It may be said to have commenced the attempts at modern English hexameter-making recently continued so elegantly yet so incompletely by Mr. Longfellow, and closed (shall we say?) the other day by Mr. Walter Savage Landor, in his spirited contribution to *Fraser's Magazine*.—Like all eccentric and experimental writers, however, Southey, while he could defend his own crochets with the gravity of a judge and with the logic of a senior wrangler, had small patience with the eccentricities and experiments of others. We find him, in 1820, writing as under:—

"A fashion of poetry has been imported which has had a great run, and is in a fair way of being worn out. It is of Italian growth,—an adaptation of the manner of Pulci, Berni, and Ariosto in his sportive mood. Frere began it. What he produced was too good in itself and too inoffensive to become popular; for it attacked nothing and nobody; and it had the fault of his Italian models, that the transition from what is serious to what is burlesque was capricious. Lord Byron immediately followed; first with his 'Beppo,' which implied the profligacy of the writer, and, lastly, with his 'Don Juan,' which is a foul blot on the literature of his country, an act of high treason on English poetry. The manner has had a host of imitators. The use of Hudibrastic rhymes (the only thing in which it differs from the Italian) makes it very easy."

The "easiness" of Hudibrastic rhyming, we submit, has still to be proved. Long ago in this journal attention was called to the consummate art of Butler's versification,—the variety of musical knowledge and the entire control over language comprehended in the style which is at best called burlesque, at worst doggerel. We

can name no poet betwixt Byron and Browning who has thoroughly mastered the secret, or trick,—if trick it be,—who has thoroughly combined the wildest and most freakish audacities with that perfectly-cadenced euphony which gives to the forced epithet and the dragged-in-by-the-hair combination of words the air and tune of a natural and spontaneous melody.—Some, indeed, have maintained that nothing is more difficult in Art than a first-class grotesque; and hence have claimed for the style power as a vehicle for the conveying of all manner of sentiments,—fitness as a drapery for the clothing of all manner of subjects. But we will not here argue the question, neither assent to nor dissent from their canon; satisfied to have protested as above against Southey's denunciation of a metre and mode which it did not suit his own humour to attempt.

A sketch given by the poet's self of his own literary occupations will complete the picture of his creative and intellectual life during the period referred to.—

"But I have not been absolutely idle, only comparatively so. I have made ready about five sheets of the Peninsular War for the press (the main part, indeed, was transcription), and William Nicol will have it as soon as the chapter is finished. I have written an account of Derwent Water for Westall's Views of the Lakes. I have begun the Book of the Church, written half a dialogue between myself and Sir Thomas More, composed seventy lines for Oliver Newman, opened a Book of Collections for the Moral and Literary History of England, and sent to Longman for materials for the Life of George Fox and the Origin and Progress of Quakerism, a work which will be quite as curious as the Wesley, and about half the length. Make allowances for letter writing (which consumes far too great a portion of my time), and for the interruptions of the season, and this account of the month will not be so bad as to subject me to any very severe censure of my stewardship. The other day there came a curious letter from Shelley, written from Pisa. Some of his friends persisted in assuring him that I was the author of a criticism concerning him in the Quarterly Review. From internal evidence, and from what he knew of me, he did not and would not believe it; nevertheless, he persisted; and he writes that I may enable him to confirm his opinion. The letter, then, still couched in very courteous terms, talks of the principles and slanderous practices of the pretended friends of order, as contrasted with those which he professes, hints at challenging the writer of the Review, if he should be a person with whom it would not be beneath him to contend, tells me he shall certainly hear from me, because he must interpret my silence into an acknowledgment of the offence, and concludes with Dear-Sir-Ship and civility. If I had an amanuensis I would send you copies of this notable epistle, and of my reply to it."

This life of George Fox was one of the works meditated by Southey which he never completed. By some extracts from a correspondence with Bernard Barton, it appears that the respectable and cautious Society of Friends manifested a reluctance to entrust him with the needful materials. To no body of religionists, indeed, could the mixture of sympathy, superiority, severity and gentle sarcasm which he would have thrown into the narrative have been so utterly distasteful as to the "body called Quakers"; for by none is close observation so perpetually confounded with uncharitable interference, and among none is the Hero-worship of their own Sanhedrim of Heroes so implicitly maintained.

That Southey was an imaginative as much as controversial student of theology, the following acute remarks on the writings of a very popular American divine will illustrate.—

"You have sent me a good specimen of American divinity. I very much doubt whether we have any contemporary sermons so good. For though our

pulpits are better filled than they were in the last generation, we do not hear from them such sound reasoning, such clear logic, and such manly and vigorous composition as in the days of South and Barrow. What is said in the memoir of Mr. Buckminster of the unimpassioned character of our printed sermons is certainly true; the cause of it is to be found in the general character of the congregations for which they were composed, always regular church-going people, persons of wealth and rank, the really good part of the community, and the Formalists and the Pharisees, none of whom would like to be addressed by their parish priests as miserable sinners standing in need of repentance. Sermons of country growth seldom find their way to the press; in towns the ruder classes seldom attend the Church service, in large towns because there is no room for them; and indeed, in country as well as town, the subjects who are in the worst state of mind and morals never enter the church doors. Wesley and Whitfield got at them by preaching in the open air, and they administered drastics with prodigious effect. Since their days a more impassioned style has been used in the pulpit, and with considerable success. But the pith and the sound philosophy of the elder divines are wanting. Your Buckminster was taking the right course. The early death of such a man would have been a great loss to any country."

The purely descriptive passages in this published correspondence are few, but good. One of these is contained in the letter immediately following the above, which describes an old house belonging to an old Cumberland family.—

"Since I received your letter I made my proposed visit to the sea-coast with the two Ediths and Cuthbert. We were at Netherhall, the *solar* of my friend and fellow-traveller, Senhouse, where his ancestors have uninterruptedly resided since the days of Edward II. (when part of the present building is known to have been standing), and how long before that no one knows. Some of his deeds are of Edward I.'s reign, some of Henry III.'s; and one is as far back as King John. We slept in the tower, the walls of which are nine feet thick. In the time of the great Rebellion the second of the two sons of this house went to serve the King, the elder brother (whom illness had probably detained at home) died, and the parents then wished their only surviving child to return, lest their ancient line should be extinct. A man who held an estate under the family was sent to persuade him to this, his unwillingness to leave the service in such disastrous times being anticipated; but the result of this endeavour was that Senhouse, instead of returning, persuaded the messenger to remain and follow the King's fortunes. They were at Marston Moor together, and at Naseby. In the last of those unhappy fields Senhouse was dreadfully wounded, his skull was fractured, and he was left for dead. After the battle his faithful friend searched for the body, and found him still breathing. By this providential aid he was saved; his skull was pieced with a plate of metal, and he lived to continue the race. His preserver was rewarded by having his estate enfranchised; and both properties continue at this day in their respective descendants. This is an interesting story, and the more so when related as it was to me, on the spot. The sword which did good service in those wars is still preserved. It was made for a two-fold use, the back being cut so as to form a double-toothed saw. Netherhall stands upon the little river Ellen, about half a mile from the sea, but completely sheltered from the sea-wind by a long high hill, under cover of which some fine old trees have grown up. The Ellen rises on Skiddaw, forms the little and unpicturesque lake or rather pool which is called Overwater, near the foot of that mountain, and, though a very small stream, makes a port, where a town containing 4,000 inhabitants has grown up within the memory of man, on the Senhouse estate. It was called Maryport, after Senhouse's grandmother, a very beautiful woman, whose portrait is in his dining-room. His father remembered when a single summer-house standing in a garden was the only building upon the whole of that ground, which is now covered with streets. The first sash windows in Cumberland were placed in the tower in which we slept, by the founder of this town; and when his son (who died about six years ago at the age of eighty-four or five) first went to Cambridge,

there was no stage coach north of York. Old as Netherhall is, the stones of which it is built were hewn from the quarry more than a thousand years before it was begun. They were taken from a Roman station on the hill between it and the sea, where a great number of Roman altars, &c. have been found. Some of them have been described by Camden, who promises the Mr. Senhouse of his time for the hospitality with which he received him, and the care with which he preserved these remains of antiquity. . . . It was a Bishop of this family who preached Charles I.'s coronation sermon, and the text which he took was afterwards noted as ominous; 'I will give him a crown of glory.' The gold signet which he wore as a ring is now at Netherhall."

A page or two later we find a character shrewdly comprehended and finely touched,—the subject being William Taylor of Norwich.—

"You form a just opinion of the character and tendency of William Taylor's conversation. A most unfortunate perversion of mind has made him always desirous of supporting strange and paradoxical opinions by ingenious arguments, and showing what may be said on the wrong side of a question. He likes to be in a state of doubt upon all subjects where doubt is possible, and has often said, 'I begin to be too sure of that, and must see what reasons I can find against it.' But when this is applied to great and momentous truths, the consequences are of the most fatal kind. I believe no man ever carried Pyrrhonism farther. But it has never led him into immoralities of any kind, nor prevented him from discharging the duties of private life in the most exemplary manner. There never lived a more dutiful son. I have seen his blind mother weep when she spoke of his goodness; and his kindness and generosity have only been limited by his means. What is more remarkable is, that this habitual and excessive scepticism has weakened none of the sectarian prejudices in which he was brought up. He sympathises as cordially with the Unitarians in their animosity to the Church and State, as if he agreed with them in belief, and finds as strong a bond of union in party-spirit as he could do in principle. With regard to his talents, they are very great. No man can exceed him in ingenuity, nor in the readiness with which he solves a subject by apt and lively illustrations. His knowledge is extensive, but not deep. When first I saw him, three-and-twenty years ago, I thought him the best informed man with whom I had ever conversed. When I visited him last, after a lapse of eight years, I discovered the limits of his information, and that upon all subjects it was very incomplete. Of his heart and disposition I cannot speak more highly than I think. It is my belief that no man ever brought a kinder nature into this world. His great talents have been sadly wasted; and what is worse, they have sometimes been sadly misemployed. He has unmettled the faith of many, and he has prepared for his own old age a pillow of thorns. To all reasoning, the pride of reason has made him inaccessible; and when I think of him, as I often do, with affection and sorrowful foreboding, the only foundation of hope is, that God is merciful, beyond our expectations, as well as beyond our deserts."

The man of letters above portrayed, it will be recollected, was Southey's particular friend. Thus charitable and tolerant could love make the portrait! It is impossible to read the passage without imagining in how different a tone would the author of the 'Vision of Judgment' have couched his protest and dissent had his subject been an antagonist, or even a stranger:—for Southey it will be recollected (*vide* his *Abuse of Godwin*) cherished, maintained and defended the righteousness of antipathy. It will be recollected, too,—to change the subject,—that the poet's proclivity towards Dutch literature has been already noticed as indicating his humour in pursuit. This made him especially enjoy a tour in Holland (a land, let us say, parenthetically, which is prosaic only to the prosaic); and the pleasantest letters in this volume are the three or four which relate to a forced sojourn made by Dr. Southey at Leyden. An accident which happened to his foot compelled him to halt there. By good hap, that

University town was the residence of the Bilderdijk family, to whom he was known. Mrs. Bilderdijk, wife of the well-known man of letters, had translated his 'Roderick' into Dutch,—and with true Dutch hospitality (the fashion of which must have struck all who have partaken of it as closely approaching the un-professing cordiality and refinement of English welcome to the guest) the pair insisted that the poet should be nursed under their roof.—

"You may imagine how curious I was to see the lady of the house, and yet I did not see her when we first met, owing to the shade of the trees and the imperfectness of my sight. She was kind and cordial, speaking English remarkably well, with very little hesitation and without any foreign accent. The first night was not well managed; a supper had been prepared, which came so late, and lasted so long by the slowness which seems to characterize all operations in this country, that I did not get to bed till one o'clock. My bedroom is on the ground floor, adjoining the sitting-room in which we eat, and which is given up to me. Everything was perfectly comfortable and nice. I asked for my milk at breakfast; and when Mr. Droesa, the surgeon, came in the morning, I had the satisfaction of hearing that he should not dress the wound again in the evening, but leave it four-and-twenty hours, because there was now a disposition to heal. Mr. Bilderdijk brought me some curious manuscripts of the eldest Dutch poets, the morning passed pleasantly. Henry Taylor dined with us at half-past two; dinner lasted, I hardly know how, till six or seven o'clock. I petitioned for such a supper as I am accustomed to at home, got some cold meat accordingly, and was in bed before eleven. I slept well, and the foot is proceeding regularly towards recovery. Mr. Droesa just left me before I began to write. By Sunday I hope to be able to walk about the house, and then my imprisonment will soon be over. I am in no pain, and suffer no other inconvenience than that of keeping the leg always on a chair or settee. You will now expect to hear something of the establishment into which I have been thus, unluckily shall I say, or luckily, introduced. The house is a good one, in a cheerful street, with a row of trees and a canal in front; large, and with every thing good and comfortable about it. The only child, Lodowijk Willem, is at home, Mr. Bilderdijk being as little fond of schools as I am. The boy has a peculiar and to me an interesting countenance. He is evidently of a weak constitution; his dress neat but formal, and his behaviour towards me amusing from his extreme politeness, and the evident pleasure with which he receives any attempt on my part to address him, or any notice that I take of him at table. A young vrouw waits at table. I wish you could see her, for she is a much odder figure than Maria Rosa appeared on her first introduction, only not so cheerful a one. Her dress is black and white, perfectly neat, and not more graceful than a Beguine's. The cap, which is very little, and has a small front not projecting farther than the green shade which I wear sometimes for my eyes, comes down to the roots of the hair, which is all combed back on the forehead; and she is as white and wan in complexion as her cap; slender, and not ill made; and were it not for this utter paleness she would be rather handsome. Another vrouw, who appears more rarely, is not in such plain dress, but quite as odd in her way. Nothing can be more amusing than Mr. Bilderdijk's conversation. Dr. Bell is not more full of life, spirits, and enthusiasm; I am reminded of him every minute, though the English is much more uncouth than Dr. Bell's. He seems delighted to have a guest who can understand, and will listen to him; and is not a little pleased at discerning how many points of resemblance there are between us. For he is as laborious as I have been; has written upon as many subjects; is just as much abused by the Liberals in his country as I am in mine, and does 'contempt' them as heartily and as merrily as I do. I am growing intimate with Mrs. Bilderdijk, about whom her husband, in the overflowing of his spirits, tells me everything. He is very fond of her and very proud of her, as well he may; and on her part she is as proud of him. Her life seems almost a miracle after what she has gone through."

We must give another Dutch letter, for the sake of its pictures,—which are new.—

"My dear Edith,—This is our manner of life. At eight in the morning Lodowijk knocks at my door. My movements in dressing are as regular as clock-work, and when I enter the adjoining room breakfast is ready on a sofa-table, which is placed for my convenience close to the sofa. There I take my place, seated on one cushion, and with my leg raised on another. The sofa is covered with black plush. The family take coffee, but I have a jug of boiled milk. Two sorts of cheese are on the table, one of which is very strong, and highly flavoured with cummin and cloves; this is called Leyden cheese, and is eaten at breakfast laid in thin slices on bread and butter. The bread is soft, in rolls, which have rather skin than crust; the butter very rich, but so soft that it is brought in a pot to table, like potted meat. Before we begin Mr. B. takes off a little gray cap, and a silent grace is said, not longer than it ought to be; when it is over he generally takes his wife's hand. They sit side by side opposite me; Lodowijk at the end of the table. About ten o'clock Mr. Droesa comes and dresses my foot, which is swathed in one of my silk handkerchiefs. I bind a second round the bottom of the pantalon, and if the weather be cold I put on a third: so that the leg has not merely a decent, but rather a splendid appearance. After breakfast and tea Mrs. B. washes up the china herself at the table. Part of the morning Mr. B. sits with me. During the rest I read Dutch, or, as at present, retire into my bed-room and write. Henry Taylor calls in the morning, and is always pressed to dine, which he does twice or thrice in the week. We dine at half-past two or three, and the dinners, to my great pleasure, are altogether Dutch. You know I am a valiant eater, and having retained my appetite as well as my spirits during this confinement, I eat every thing which is put before me. Mutton and pork never appear, being considered unfit for any person who has a wound, and pepper for the same reason is but sparingly allowed. Spice enters largely into their cookery; the sauce for fish resembles custard rather than melted butter, and is spiced. Perch, when small (in which state they are considered best), are brought up swimming in a tureen. They look well, and are really very good. With the roast meat (which is in small pieces) dripping is presented in a butter-boat. The variety of vegetables is great. Peas, peas of that kind in which the pod also is eaten, purslain, cauliflowers, *abominations*,* kidney beans, carrots, turnips, potatoes. But besides these, many very odd things are eaten with meat. I had stewed apples, exceedingly sweet and highly spiced, with roast fowl yesterday; and another day, having been helped to some stewed quinces, to my utter surprise some ragout of beef was to be eaten with them. I never know when I begin a dish whether it is sugared, or will require salt; yet every thing is very good, and the puddings excellent. The dinner lasts very long. Strawberries and cherries always follow. Twice we had cream with the strawberries, very thick, and just in the first stage of sourness. We have had melons also, and currants; the first which have been produced. After coffee they leave me to an hour's nap. Tea follows. Supper at half-past nine, when Mr. B. takes milk, and I a little cold meat with pickles, or the gravy of the meat preserved in a form like jelly; olives are used as pickles, and at half-past ten I go to bed. Mr. B. sits up till three or four, living almost without sleep. Twice we had a Frisian here, whom we may probably see at Keswick, as he talks of going to England on literary business. Halbertsma is his name, and he is a Mennonite pastor at Deventer. Twice we have had the young Count Hoogmandorp, a fine young man, one of the eight who for six weeks watched day and night by Mr. B. in his illness; and once a Dr. Burgman, a young man of singular appearance and much learning, drank tea here. My host's conversation is amusing beyond anything I ever heard. I cannot hope to describe it so as to make you conceive it. The matter is always so interesting, that it would alone suffice to keep one's attention on the alert; his manner is beyond expression animated, and his language the most extraordinary that can be imagined. Even my French cannot be half so odd. It is English pronounced like Dutch, and with such a mixture

* Broad beans, which he always so denominated."

of other language, that it is an even chance whether the next word that comes be French, Latin, or Dutch, or one of either tongues shaped into an English form. Sometimes the oddest imaginable expressions occur. When he would say 'I was pleased,' he says 'I was very pleasant;' and instead of saying that a poor woman was wounded, with whom he was overturned in a stage-coach in England, he said she was severely *bleased*. Withal, whatever he says is so full of information, vivacity, and character, and there is such a thorough good nature, kindness, and frankness about him, that I never felt myself more interested in any man's company. Every moment he reminds me more and more of Dr. Bell. I gather by one word which dropt from him that Mrs. B. is his second wife. They are proud of each other, as well they may. She has written a great many poems, some of which are published jointly with some of his, and others by themselves. Many of them are devotional, and many relate to her own feelings under the various trials and sufferings which she has undergone. In some of them I have been reminded sometimes of some of my own verses, in others of Miss Bowles's. One would think it almost impossible that a person so meek, so quiet, so retiring, so altogether without display, should be a successful authoress, or hold the first place in her country as a poetess. The profits of literature here are miserably small. In that respect I am in relation to them what Sir Walter Scott is in relation to me. Lodowijk (thus the name is spelt) is a nice good boy, the only survivor of seven children. He is full of sensibility, and I look at him with some apprehension, for he is not strong, and I fear this climate, which suits his father better than any other, is injurious to him. Tell Cuthbert that the oeyenaar has paid him another visit, and that Lodowijk's other playmate is a magnificent tabby cat, as old as himself, who, however, is known by no other name than puss, which is good Dutch as well as English. English books are so scarce here, that they have never seen any work of mine except Roderick. Of course I have ordered over a complete set of my poems and the history of Brazil; and as E. May is in London I have desired her to add, as a present from herself to Mrs. B., a copy of Kirke White's Remains. I can never sufficiently show my sense of the kindness which I am experiencing here. Think what a difference it is to be confined in an hotel, with all the discomforts, or to be in such a family as this, who show by every word and every action that they are truly pleased in having me under their roof. I manage worst about my bed. I know not how many pillows there are, but there is one little one which I used for my head till I found that it was intended for the small of my back. Everything else I can find instruction for, but here is nobody to teach one how to get into a Dutch bed, or how to lie in one. A little bottle of brandy is placed on the dressing-table, to be used in cleansing the teeth. Saffron is used in some of the soups and sauces. The first dish yesterday was marrow in a tureen, which was eaten upon toast. I eat every thing, but live in daily fear of something like suety pudding or tripe. About an hour before dinner a handsome mahogany case containing spirits is produced; a glass waiter is taken out of it, and little tumblers with gilt edges, and we have then a glass of liqueur with a slice of cake. Deventer cake it is called; and an odd history belongs to it. The composition is usually intrusted only to the burgo-master of that city, and when the baker has made all the other ingredients ready, the chief magistrate is called upon, as part of his duty, to add that portion of the materials which constitute the excellence and peculiarity of the Deventer cake."

The above long extract makes it incumbent on us to leave the volume without formal leave-taking. To touch on all its contents, "expressed and understood," would be impossible.

Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848 and 1849. By Samuel Laing, Esq.

The Social Condition and Education of the People of England and Europe. By Joseph Kay, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

THE extracts which formed the concluding part of our former notice will have placed before the

reader a somewhat important fact. They will have informed him that in the decided opinion of these two travellers, the "moral, intellectual, and physical condition [we use the categorical language of Mr. Kay himself] of the *peasants and operatives* of Prussia, Saxony, other parts of Germany, of Holland, and of the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, and the social condition of the *peasants* in the greater part of France, is very much higher and happier and much more satisfactory than that of the *peasants and operatives* of England; that the condition of the *poor* in the North German, Swiss, and Dutch towns presents as remarkable a contrast to that of the *poor* of the English towns as can well be imagined; and that the condition of the *poorer classes* in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, and France is rapidly improving." We have re-quoted these sentences thus prominently, because they contain the pith of the whole matter,—and because we have found no passage in either of the works before us which states so accurately and completely the general conclusions to which both these travellers have been gradually conducted by their extended inquiries, and by what they have seen with their own eyes, in the countries of the centre and west of Europe. If, therefore, we are compelled by positive evidence to regard it as a fact, that the "moral, intellectual, and physical condition" of the poorer classes of England is worse than that of the same classes in some of the Continental countries, there can be no difficulty in arriving at the next step of the inquiry. We know the fact,—we must see if we cannot discover the origin of that fact. Why are our own poor worse fed, worse clothed, and worse instructed than the poor of Prussia, Holland, Saxony, or the Tyrol? The political liberty of Englishmen rests on a firmer foundation, is surrounded with stronger safeguards, affords an infinitely wider scope for the exertion of every human faculty, than the political liberty of any of these countries. Englishmen are richer, harder, more industrious, skilful, persevering, patient, and adventurous than Germans, Dutchmen, or Swiss. Why, then, are the poor of England worse off than the poor of the Continent? That is the great question of the controversy which has been raised by Mr. Laing and Mr. Kay.

We are quite sensible that an inquiry of this nature may be met by denying the premises. It may be said, that the allegation of Continental superiority is not proved. For ourselves, we must be permitted to say that, fully and beyond all cavil, perhaps it is not. But it is proved so far, that, unless we reject all the acknowledged rules of evidence, we are bound to admit that, at all events in the present stage of the discussion, Messrs. Laing and Kay are entitled to assume the facts of the case, as represented by them, to be substantially admitted as the basis of the discussion. We cannot bring in contradiction of the statements of these two travellers statements equally precise, recent, and authentic from any quarter possessing corresponding claims on our attention.

In a few words, then, we repeat,—What is the cause as far as we can see at present of the inferiority of the social condition of the poor of this country as compared with the poor of the Continent? Mr. Laing and Mr. Kay give in effect the same answer: namely, that it is the concentration of the industry of the English people in manufactures and trade,—and the concentration of the industry of the Continental people in agriculture. We have multiplied the number of persons who depend on wages,—they, the number of persons who depend on the produce of peasant properties. We have gone on for the last fifty or a hundred years diminishing

the importance and the numerical strength of the class who, as yeomen, have an interest in the soil,—on the Continent the tendency of all the social and political changes of the same period has been to create that very class of yeomanry. In England, we have been gathering our population within the circles of large cities. We have in a great measure depopulated what is called emphatically the country. We have done so under the influence of a twofold motive:—on the one hand, the peculiar nature of our national industry has led to a concentration of human labour within the smallest possible circles; and on the other, the tendency of our modern agriculture has been to aim at a large surplus produce by a concentration of a different kind,—by a concentration, not of labour, but of territory,—by the amalgamation of small farms into large, and the introduction of the manufacturing principle into husbandry.

Whatever may have been the effects of the system of which this statement presents a very general outline, there can be no dispute about the facts. We have filled our towns and emptied our villages; we have increased vastly and in every part of the island the numerical strength of the class who live by wages and by handicraft,—and we have diminished in a degree almost as marked the numerical strength of the class who depend directly on the soil as yeomen, as small farmers, and as the holders on lease or in fee of small landed properties.

There is no doubt that we have achieved great success. Our manufactures and our large-farm husbandry are both marvellous in their perfection and in their results. The evil which we have to fear is not the failure of our trade in cotton or in corn,—but the failure of intelligent men among us to perceive that we have accomplished only half the mission on which we started. No reasonable human being will surely permit himself to suppose that it is the peculiar function of the English people to exist for the single purpose of manufacturing calico at twopence a yard and growing grain at an infinitesimal expenditure of human labour and poor-rate. That is a version of the problem quite out of date. We have to produce many things besides wealth. We have to produce a population which at least shall be free from the reproach of falling below the working people of Dutch and Prussian villages in intelligence, decency, order and comfort. So far, we have not done this:—and that is a fact to be constantly borne in mind. One of the principal arguments, and perhaps the strongest, in favour of the English system of farming—that is, the large-farm system—is founded on the consideration of what is called the net surplus produce. If, for example, ten men inhabit an island and seven of them are unceasingly occupied in growing food for themselves and their three companions, then it is plain that there are only the unoccupied services of three persons to perform all the diversified operations required for the comfort, convenience, and advancement of ten—to weave, build, forge, mine, explore, invent, and think. But if by some happy device the labour of two men can be made to produce as much food as was formerly produced by the labour of seven, then the net surplus produce would be so materially increased that the handicraft labour of the island might be performed and prosecuted by eight people instead of three. Now, in the case of Great Britain it is contended that the large-farm system enables us to increase in some astonishing degree the net surplus produce; in other words, that that system enables us to raise food for the whole population by the labour of the smallest possible number of our people,—or, to simplify the doctrine still further, that it permits, or rather compels, us to employ in agriculture a very

small and perhaps a constantly diminishing minority of the population.

To this argument there appear to be two cogent answers. In the first place, with the evidence collected by Mr. Laing and Mr. Kay before us, we conceive that cautious inquirers will be very guarded in their assertion of the superiority of the large over the small farm system even with reference to the net surplus produce. We would refer particularly to the first four chapters of Mr. Laing and to the first volume of Mr. Kay, on this subject. These gentlemen speak specifically on this very point; and they allege in the most positive terms that peasant proprietors can and do produce as much agricultural produce per acre as, or more than, the best farm in Great Britain managed on the Lothian principle. These are statements to be answered not generally, but in detail,—and awaiting such an answer, we leave them as they stand.—In the next place, there appears to be an essential fallacy in supposing that at all stages of the social progress of a country it is advantageous to employ only the smallest possible number of persons in the cultivation of the soil. In the early part of the career of a society, when almost everything depends on the prosperity of the handicraft arts, it is no doubt desirable that as large a number of the community as possible should be at liberty to exert their ingenuity and their strength in pursuits not agricultural. But as the country grows populous this state of things gradually disappears. Then it becomes of the highest importance that the inconvenient competition of the handicraft classes should be kept in check by the absorption of labour in the prosecution of a vigorous husbandry. It seems to us that this country has long since passed out of the first of the stages of progress just described into the second,—and therefore that our present policy of continuing handicraft as a staple means of employment for our people is essentially unsound.—This is the general conclusion towards which most of the facts and arguments contained in both the works before us certainly point in the most striking manner; although in neither of them have we found any passages which express precisely the meaning we have just endeavoured to convey.

We have no difficulty, therefore, in believing with Mr. Laing and Mr. Kay that in old countries on the Continent where competition among the handicraft classes has been kept in check by the diffusion of landed property among those who are essentially working cultivators, a most remarkable, decided and beneficial effect has resulted. This course has perhaps retarded the very rapid accumulation of public wealth and the attainment of a great and gorgeous external civilization; but it has certainly not failed to produce other results of the value of which there can be no doubt whatever. There is no chronic pauperism in the regions of peasant farms;—there are few repulsive and dangerous contrasts of condition;—and there certainly are not that perpetual heat and clamour, that incessant iniquity and competition, that proneness to occupy human life as if in the reckless plunges of a steep-chance, which have begun to distinguish the English people.

Let us, however, not be misunderstood. We are fully sensible of the evils as well as the recommendations of a sweeping adoption of the small-farm theory and practice. Mr. Laing is quite sensible of the same thing. His fourth chapter is especially devoted to a consideration of the arguments against small farms: and we confess that we have seldom read any disquisition of greater ability and value than the whole of those portions of Mr. Laing's book which are devoted to this part of his subject. The prac-

tical measure which seems to be required among ourselves is, such a reform of the law of real property as will fairly place the land of the country within the reach of the people of the country—not by any political redistribution, not in pursuance of any agrarian law, but in the form of a purely commercial transaction. It is very true, that the feudal law of entail has been in effect repealed,—and that every Englishman enjoys a perfect right to dispose of his property by will; but it is quite well known that these alterations in our system of territorial jurisprudence have been altogether insufficient to set the land at liberty and render it an easily transferable commodity. If we have no entails, we have settlements,—and if we have wills, we have also life estates. So long as we permit a landed estate to be virtually bound up by one generation of owners for a period of seventy or eighty years, and incumbered with all sorts of contingent and reversionary interests, we shall look in vain for any real improvement in the laws which affect the transfer and descent of real property. A registry of titles would do a great deal; but a registry of titles overlaid with our present covenants and remainders would not be long before it became almost as incomprehensible as the state of confusion which it was intended to remove.

If the land of this country were really free in a commercial sense, we might entertain a confident hope that the system of small landed properties would not be long in making its appearance among us in the best of all forms; in a form mixed and modified so as to suit the actual circumstances of the country and age—including the extremes of the old and the new systems, but like a long and constantly expanding river connecting those extremes only by a gradual ascent from a lesser to a larger type of development.

This is the general view of the subject: and considering the extent of the field and the intricacy of many of the topics connected with the inquiry which the volumes before us are intended to promote, we have been desirous rather to indicate the general scope of the discussion than to entangle ourselves in any of its details. To examine with any degree of care even the least important of the controversies which are raised by Messrs. Laing and Kay would lead us far beyond the limits within which we must restrain this notice. We are quite sensible, however, that a critic going further into the matter would easily fix on many passages in which both the authors before us have fallen into serious errors. We will refer to only a single case in point. That the doctrine of population as laid down by Mr. Malthus requires a very essential modification we are quite disposed to believe; but we can have no difficulty in saying, that the pretended refutation which Mr. Laing persuades himself that he has inflicted on it in the early part of his volume, is a pure delusion. Mr. Laing has said nothing in opposition to Mr. Malthus which a very youthful disciple of that philosopher might not easily dispose of.

Mr. Laing's strength does not lie in dialectics—but in the use of his eyes and ears. How well and shrewdly he can employ these, the following passage will testify.—

"Every traveller on the Continent must have observed that the *Town* and *City* populations live much more apart and separate from the country population than with us, each city or town is like a distinct island, or small nation, with its own way of living, ideas, laws, and interests, and having little or nothing in common with the country population around it. The ancient municipal governments of the towns, with their exclusive privileges, their incorporations and town taxes on all articles brought to market, and levied at the town-gates in a rough vexatious way,

keep alive a spirit of hostility rather than of friendly intercourse between town and country. Some of these grievances exist where the traveller least expects to find them. In constitutional France, in constitutional Belgium, and even in the city of Frankfurt, where a model constitution of civil and political liberty was being manufactured by all the philosophy of Germany in a constituent assembly, the country-girl's basket is opened at the town-gate, to see if it contain any bread, cheese, beer, or other articles subject to town dues. The peasant's cart, loaded with hay or straw, is half unloaded, or is probed with a long rod of iron by the city official, to discover goods which ought to have paid town dues. The kind of domestic smuggling into and out of the Continental cities which this system of town dues gives rise to, is of a very demoralizing influence. These restrictions and town dues raise a spirit of antagonism, not of union, between the two populations. The towns and cities in consequence of this estrangement, have less influence on the civilization of the country, on the manners, ideas, and condition of the mass of the population, than with us. Our town or city population form no mass so distinct in privileges, intelligence, and interests, from the rest of the community, as the town populations are abroad. The city on the Continent sits like a guard-ship riding at anchor on the plain, keeping up a kind of social existence of her own, shutting her gates at sunset, and having privileges and exactions which separate her from the main body of the population. In Germany and France, the movements and agitations of 1848 were entirely among the *town* populations. The country population has not advanced either towards good or evil with the progress of the cities. In Hamburg, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Frankfurt, and other great cities, taste, literature, refinement, wealth, or the pleasures and enjoyments proper to wealth abound; but in the country outside of these oases of civilization, the people are in the same condition in which they have been for ages. The town civilization has not acted upon them as it has on the general population of England. The people of the Continent have more coffee, sugar, tobacco, and music, and more school and drill than their forefathers; but not more civil liberty or freedom of action, not more independence of mind, nor a higher moral, religious, and intellectual character. This isolation of the towns has a very prejudicial effect both on the town and country populations. It has kept the latter almost stationary, while the former has been advancing out of all proportion to the great body or to the means, intelligence, or requirements of the state or the people. This has divided the people of Germany into two distinct divisions: the great mass of the population living by husbandry and altogether unprepared for self-government, or civil or political liberty; and an educated, or half-educated, idle and debauched city population, half-crazed with theories and dreams of an unattainable perfection of society." Mr. Laing is quite right. The species of antagonism between the town and country populations of the Continent is so decided as to form a prominent and a distinct feature in the political systems of the countries where it chiefly prevails.

But Mr. Laing has an eye for the past as well as for the present. He went over the valley of the Loire; and while he did not forget to inquire diligently after his "middle class" and his "useful arts," he contrived to spare a thought or two for subjects which do not often occupy his attention—we say candidly, to his own loss and to that of his readers.—

"To the English traveller, Touraine is a very interesting country. The changes in the dwellings, habits of the people, and face of the land and houses, have probably been few since it belonged to England, or rather since England belonged to it; for the Continental possessions of Henry the Second and his successors must have been of more value and importance than their English. Avignon, Amboise, Blois, Tours, all the towns and castles and monasteries belong to, and are important historical points in English story; and they remain—the cottage, the country mansion, the roads, woods, gardens, the town dwellings, the streets, lanes, market-places—but little altered probably in appearance—

even where they have been renewed or rebuilt. The castles, the monasteries, the baronial châteaux, are dilapidated indeed, and in ruins; but the locality of each, and its features, its woods, orchards, vineyards, fish-ponds, avenues, roads, are still where they were, and probably very much as they were, in the twelfth century. It is pleasing at any rate, as one travels through this country to imagine so. The salamander, the device of the ducal families of Guienne and Poictou, whose heiress Eleanor, the divorced Queen of Louis the Seventh, carried her extensive domains and mature charms into the arms of our young Henry the Second, is still seen upon the carved keystone of many an arched gateway and porch in and about Tours, Saumur, and other towns on the Loire. The England of our days is but the canvas on which an old picture has been painted, and a new one now covers almost every inch of the old work. But this country is an old picture still, notwithstanding the cleaning and obliterating by the artists of the Revolution. Decayed indeed it is, and worm-eaten in parts; but original outlines and tints are still to be traced in some corners of the canvas, and are even lively in the habitations and household ways and accommodations of the people. * * The old-fashioned cottage of a date prior to the revolution in France, is a spacious dwelling, of low side walls buried under a mountain of thatch, a huge roof, and very massive beams of oak or walnut tree support an upper floor, of which the windows peep through the thick bed of straw or reed thatch in which they are sunk, and which appears to have been accumulating, layer above layer, for many generations. The ground floor is divided into a large kitchen, which is the sitting-room of the family, and an inner apartment—the 'but and ben' of the Scotch cottage dwellings of the same class of peasantry in the lowlands in former times. In this richer country the lodging of the people has been better than it ever was in Scotland, and better perhaps than it ever was in England, for the labouring agricultural population, because the material for building—the rye straw or reeds for roofing the timber, the bricks or stone—had little commercial value in a country of bad or no roads for transport, and could only be applied to buildings on the spot. The resemblance, real or imaginary, which the traveller finds in the style of building, of husbandry, of domestic life and arrangements, between this part of France and England, and especially Scotland, as these things were in England and Scotland of old, is very interesting; but, perhaps, is more in fancy than reality, and arising from his previous knowledge that all this country was once part of the dominions of the English crown, and was, for many generations, the resort of the nobles and gentry of Scotland, who took service in the body-guards of the kings of France. A favourite article of furniture in these ancient dwellings of the French peasantry, equivalent to the eight-day clock as a general piece of household goods among our labouring country people, is a large shining walnut-tree press or wardrobe, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, with carved folding doors hung upon long bright swivel hinges of polished steel. In the best apartment of substantial peasants four of these wardrobes opposite to each other, so well polished by rubbing that they are quite ornamental, contain the stock of household linen and all such valuables. The ordinary sitting-room or hall in those old cottages, with its huge beams of oak or walnut-tree across the ceiling, its great fire of logs on the wide hearth, around which the females are busy with their household work; the distaff and spindle in the hands of the house-mother, and, if it be the village inn, the nice little table with the cleanest of table-linen, the lively buxom girl cooking, talking, and waiting on the guests, and the plenty to eat and drink, give the traveller who walks through the valley of the Loire, the impression that in Chaucer's days, such may have been the hostelries in the pleasant land of Kent, at which the pilgrims to the shrine of Sir Thomas in Canterbury put up."

In concluding our notice of these two works, we must again express our deep sense of the important nature of the subjects of which they treat,—and our deliberate conviction that the mass of evidence which they present, the circumstances under which they have been written,

the ability, candour, and sound sense which distinguish them throughout, and the established reputation and position of their authors, give to their pages a special claim on the attention of those inquirers among us who are desirous of considering the great social questions of the day under the direction of the most competent guides and the influence of the most suggestive thinkers. We must also again point out that the two works should be read together. Taken apart, they will mislead and mystify,—taken together, we can anticipate none but the best results from an extensive dissemination of nearly all the facts and arguments they contain, and by the publication of which in their present accessible form the authors have laid their countrymen under a further obligation.

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REPORTED GOLD MINES OF YURUARI.

As I read in the *Times* of the 4th a confirmation of the statement of the discovery of gold in the Yuruari, canton of Upata, province of Guayana, in Venezuela, [see *ante*, p. 712], and as that country is little known here,—may I trespass on your columns with an account of the canton of Upata, derived from a visit that I made eight years ago to the missions of the Caróni, on my passage down the Oronoco, from the Apure to Demerara. The Yuruari, a river of the second class in Venezuela, is a branch of the Cuyuni, which arises from the north side of the Cordillera of Parima, the south side of which gives origin to the Parima, Pirara and Tacutu, which unite to form the Rio Branco, a branch of the Rio Negro which joins the Amazons. Thus there is another perfect line of communication between the Oronoco and the Amazons, east of the grand natural canal of the Cassiquari. The east end of the Cordillera of Parima, the site of Sir Walter Raleigh's Lake Amucu and city of Manoa, or El Dorado, which I reached in 1841 by ascending the Essequibo and Rupununi, gives rise to the latter and to the Siperouni and Mazerouni branches of the Essequibo. It would be strange if, after all, it should turn out that Sir Walter Raleigh and the Spaniards were right in their notion of the existence of gold in this region. The course of the Yuruari lies between the Sierra Usapama, a branch of the Cordillera of Parima, and the Sierra Imataca, but nearer the latter and east of the Caróni, with

which it communicates in the rainy season. It has a course of 75 leagues.

There formerly existed many missions of civilized Indians on the banks of the Yuruari; and when the Dutch owned Demerara and Essequibo, they had a road by which they drove cattle from the Cuyuni to the Essequibo. In the time of the Dutch, and even since the English got possession of Demerara and Essequibo, the neighbourhood of the Yuruari was the theatre of many expeditions in quest of runaway slaves, or bush negroes. The lower part of the course of the Cuyuni is in British Guiana. The canton of Upata, containing just 6,000 square leagues, and a population of only 12,000, three-fourths of whom are independent Indians, Guayanas, Caribbees, Guayacas, Warrows, Parigotots, and Aruaks, is the most beautiful district in the whole course of the Oronoco. It consists of undulating elevated savannahs, never liable to inundations, traversed by ranges of wooded hills, and presenting a more varied and European scenery than I have ever observed in South America. The climate is more temperate than in other parts of the Lower Oronoco. Vast herds of wild cattle and horses graze over these immense plains. In the woods on the hills grow the Cinchona and the Cuparia, which gives the Angostura bark. The Capuchins of Catalonia had formerly thirty missions in the neighbourhood of the capital of the canton; and when Humboldt was in Venezuela, the territory of the religious of the order of St. Francis contained 7,300 inhabitants, and that of the Capuchins of Catalonia 17,000. But at the breaking out of the War of Independence, the civilized Indians dispersed, and the missions were mostly abandoned. Just before I visited the missions of the Caróni, some clergymen, who had been attached to the cause of Don Carlos, in Spain had arrived, and were collecting together the Indians. One of those missionaries, Padre Juan Bautista de Duesto y Erquinigo, hospitably entertained me at Upata for upwards of a week. Besides the town of Upata—elevation 351 yards above the level of the sea, (lat. 7° 49' 31" north, long. 4° 31' west of Caracas)—the principal missions in the canton are Altagrafia, Cupupuni, Sa. Rosa de Cura, Guri, Caróni, Caruachi, Sa. Clara, &c., and near the Yuruari, Guasipati, Tupuquen, and Tumureño. At the last place is the estate of Mr. Fred. Hamilton, son of Colonel Hamilton, who formerly had the contract for navigating the Oronoco by steamers. Mr. Hamilton had 30,000 head of cattle branded, and used to export some to Demerara and the West Indies. The town of Upata is a square, beautifully situated. It contains a handsome church and a population of about 600. It is 31 leagues distant from Angostura, the capital of the province of Guayana. A great deal of coffee, cotton, sugar, and most excellent tobacco is exported from the *labranzas* in its neighbourhood. The nearest port on the Oronoco to Upata is Puerto de las Tablas—reached by a ride of seventeen leagues over a beautiful country. On this road, between San Miguel and San Felix, the Royalists under La Torre were defeated by General Piar on the 11th of April 1817. Puerto de las Tablas is near the mouth of the Caróni, and a few hours' pull above Guayana Vieja, which Keymis took, and where Sir Walter Raleigh's son was killed. This strong fortress was also taken by the Irish in the service of Bolívar. The steamer that now runs between Trinidad and Angostura calls at Puerto de las Tablas.

I am, &c., EDWARD CULLEN, M.D.

Dublin.
 P.S. In 1842, a military expedition, consisting of a detachment of the 3rd West India regiment, was sent up the Essequibo and Rupununi to Pirara, to dislodge the soldiers whom the Brazilians had posted at Pirara,—who, according to Mr. Schomburgk, were in the habit of kidnapping the Indians from British Guiana. Subsequently, a party went up for the purpose of establishing a colony on the Roraima or Pacaraima mountains;—but the great length of the journey proved fatal to their success.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

WE borrow from an American paper, the *New York Literary World*, some particulars relating to an archaeological discovery of interest, the fruit of

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the researches of the Hon. E. G. Squier in the islands of Lake Nicaragua. The narrative, from which we have extracted what is most important, is of considerable length,—and was read before the Ethnological Society of New York, pursuant to an express resolution at a previous meeting.

This afternoon we prevailed upon Pedro—who, with his stout sailors, had been drunk for a week, but who were sober and anxious to lay in a new supply of reals for another debauch—to take us over to the little island of Pensacola, almost within cannon-shot of the old castle of Granada. A young fellow, an honorary man of all-work, Doctor's service, on half-pay, as honorary man of all-work, that upon this island were "*pidras antiguas*" of great size, but nearly buried in the earth. It seemed strange that in all our inquiries concerning antiquities of the *pedres* and *lencicados*, indeed of the "best informed" citizens of Granada, we had not heard of the existence of these monuments. The Doctor was not a little sceptical; but experience had taught me that more information upon these matters would be gathered from the bare-footed monks than from the black-robed priests, and I was obstinate in my determination to visit Pensacola.

It was late in the afternoon when we started, but in less than an hour we leaped ashore upon the island. It is one of the "out-liers" of the labyrinth of small islands which form the base of the volcano of Momobacho; and its shores are lined with immense rocks, black and blistered with the terrible heat which accompanied the ancient discharges of which they are the evidence. In some places the rocks are piled up in rough and frowning heaps, scarce hidden by the luxuriant vines which nature trails over them, as if to disguise her own deformities. In the island of Pensacola these rocks constitute a semicircular ridge, nearly inclosing a level space of rich soil,—a kind of amphitheatre, looking towards the west, and prospect extending beyond the beach of Granada to the rugged hills and volcanic peaks around the Lake of Managua. Upon a little elevation, within this natural temple, stood an abandoned stone hut, almost hidden by a forest of luxuriant plantains, which covered the entire area with a dense shadow, here and there pierced by a ray of sunlight falling like molten gold through narrow openings in the leafy roof.

No sooner had we landed than our men dispersed themselves in search of the monuments, and we followed. We were not long kept in suspense; a shout of "*aquí, aquí!*"—"here, here," from the Doctor's man, announced that they were found. We hurried to his side. He was right; we could distinctly make out two great blocks of stone, nearly buried in the soil. The parts exposed, though frayed by storms, and having clearly suffered from violence, nevertheless bore evidences of having been elaborately sculptured. I found that we had made for the machetes of the men; and we were not long in removing enough of the earth to discover that the supposed blocks were large and well-proportioned masses, of superior workmanship and of larger size than any which we had yet encountered. The discovery was an exciting one, and the Indian sailors were scarcely less interested than ourselves. They crouched around the figures, and speculated earnestly concerning their origin. They finally seemed to agree that the larger of the two was no other than "*Montezuma*." It is a singular fact that the name and fame of the last of the Aztec emperors is cherished by all the Indian remnants from the banks of the Gila to the shores of Lake Nicaragua. Like the Pecos of New Mexico, some of the Indians of Nicaragua still indulge the belief that Montezuma will some day return, and re-establish his ancient empire. *

By dint of digging, persuasion, and threats, we finally succeeded in getting the smaller of the two figures completely uncovered. It had evidently been purposely buried, for one of the arms had been broken in its fall into the pit that had been previously dug to receive it, and the face had been mutilated. In this way the early Catholic zealots had endeavored to destroy the superstitious attachment of the natives to their monuments. It was, however, satisfactory to find that the figures were probably, on the whole, well preserved by their long interment than if they had been suffered to remain above ground. The next difficulty was to raise the prostrate figure; but after much prizing, prying, lifting, and vociferation, we succeeded in standing it up against the side of the hole which we had dug, in such a position that M. could proceed with his sketch. It represented a human male figure, of massive proportions, seated upon a square pedestal, its head slightly bent forward, and its hands resting on its thighs. Above the head rose a lofty and monstrous representation of the head of an animal, below which could be traced the folds of a serpent, the three head of which was sculptured, open-mouthed, and with like accuracy, by the side of the face of the figure. The whole combination was elaborate and striking; but the fact of most interest, in an archeological point of view, is that the surmounting animal head is the sacred sign of the Mexican calendar, corresponding very exactly, with the hieroglyph of that sign on the great calendar stone of Mexico, and with the painted representations in the Mexican MSS. This is not the only, nor the most conclusive, proof of the assertion of the old chroniclers that there was a Mexican colony in Nicaragua. The stone from which the figure here described is cut, is a fine basalt; but the sculpture is bold, and the limbs, unlike those of the monoliths of Copan, are so far detached from the body as to give safety, and with a freedom which I have observed in no other statuary works of the American aborigines.

To enable M. to make a drawing of the monument just discovered, and to relieve him from the annoyance of our men, I deferred proceeding with the examination of the statue until he had finished, and therefore summoned the natives to search the island for others,—stimulating their activity by the offer of a reward of four reals (equivalent to two days' wages) to any one who should make a discovery.

I also joined in the search; but after wandering all over the little island I came to the conclusion that, if there were others, of which I had little doubt, they had been successfully buried, and were past finding, or else had been broken up and removed. So I seated myself philosophically upon a rock, and watched an army of black ants, which were defiling past, as if making a tour of the island. They formed a solid column from five to six inches wide, and marched straight on, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, pertinaciously surmounting every obstacle which intervened. I watched them for more than half an hour, and the number seemed unending; I thought of the thousands hurried past, until finally, attracted by curiosity, I rose and followed the line, in order to discover the destination of the procession,—if it were an invasion, a migration, or a simple pleasure excursion. At a short distance, and under the cover of some bushes, the column mounted what appeared to be simply a large round stone, passed over it, and continued its march. The stone attracted my attention, and on observing it more closely, I discovered traces of sculpture. I summoned my men; and after a two hours' trial of patience and temper, I succeeded in raising from its bed of centuries another idol of massive proportions, but differing entirely from the others, and possessing an extraordinary and forbidding aspect. The lower half had been broken off, and could not be found; what remained was simply the bust and head. The latter was disproportionately great; the eyes were large, round, and staring; the ears broad and long; and from the wide-distended mouth, the lower jaw of which was forced down by the two hands of the figure, projected a tongue which reached to the breast, giving to the whole an unnatural and horrible expression. As it stood in the pit, with its monstrous head rising above the ground, with its fixed stony gaze, it seemed like some grey monster just emerging from the depths of the earth at the bidding of the wizard-priest of an unholy religion. My men stood back, and more than one crossed himself as he muttered to his neighbour, "*¡cuel diablo!*"—"it is the devil!" I readily comprehended the awe with which it might be regarded by the devotees of the ancient religion, when the bloody priest daubed the lapping tongue with the yet palpitating hearts of his human victims!

It was long past noon before we commenced the task of raising the largest and by far the most interesting idol to an erect position. * * * The figure erect was truly grand. It represented a man with massive limbs, and broad, prominent chest, in a stooping or rather crouching posture, his hands resting on his thighs just above the knees. Above his head rose the monstrous head and jaws of some animal; its fore paws were placed one upon each shoulder, and the hind ones upon the hands of the statue, as if binding them to the thighs. It might be intended—it probably was intended—to represent an alligator, or a similar mythological or fabulous animal. Its back was covered with carved plates, like rough mail. The whole rose from a broad, square pedestal. The carving, as in the other figure, was bold and free. I never have seen a statue which conveyed so forcibly the idea of power and strength; it was a study for a Sampson under the gates of Gaza, or an Atlas supporting the world. The face was mutilated and disfigured, but it still seemed to bear an expression of sternness, if not severity, which added greatly to the effect of the whole. The finer details of workmanship around the head had suffered much; and from the more decided marks of violence which the entire statue exhibits, it seems probable that it was an especial object of regard to the aborigines, and of corresponding hate to the early Christian zealots. *

M. returned the next day and completed his drawings, while I busied myself in preparing for a voyage to the great uninhabited island of Zapatera. *

One hour's hard pulling and we were among the islands. Here the water was dark and glassy, while the waves dashed and chafed with a sullen roar against the iron shores of the outer rank, as if anxious to invade the quiet of the inner recesses,—the narrow verdure-arched channels, the broad crystal-floored vistas, the cool, shady nooks in which graceful canoes were here and there moored.

Perhaps a more singular group of islets cannot be found in the wide world. As I have before said, they are all of volcanic origin, generally conical in shape, and seldom exceeding three or four acres in area. All are covered with a cloak of verdure; but nature is not always successful in hiding the black rocks which start out in places, as if in disdain of all concealment, and look frowningly down in the clear water, giving an air of wildness to the otherwise soft and quiet scenery of the islands. Trailing over these rocks, and dropping in festoons from the over-hanging trees, their long plant tendrils flailing in the water, are innumerable vines, with bright and fragrant flowers of red and yellow, mingled with the inverted cone of the "*gloria de Nicaragua*," with its overpowering odour, with strange and nameless fruits, forming an evergreen roof so dense that even a tropical sun cannot penetrate. Many of these islands have patches of cultivated ground, and on such, generally crowning their summits, relieved by a dense green background of plantations, and surrounded by kingly palms and the papaya with its great, golden fruit, are the picturesque cane huts of the inhabitants. Groups of naked, swarthy children in front,—a winding path leading beneath the great trees down to the water's edge,—an arbor-like miniature harbour, with a canoe lashed to the shore,—a woman naked to the waist with a purple skirt of true Tyrian dye (for the famous murex is found on the Pacific shores of Nicaragua), her long, black, glossy hair falling over neck and breast, reaching almost to her knees, a flock of monkeys, in a congressional squabble among the trees,—a swarm of porcupine scarcely less noisy,—a pair of vociferating macaws like floating fragments of a rainbow,—inquisitive monkeys hanging among the vines,—active iguanas scrambling up the banks,—long-necked and long-legged cranes in deep soliloquy at the edge of the water, their white bodies standing out in strong relief against a background of rock and verdure,—a canoe glancing rapidly and noiselessly across a vista of water,—all this, with a golden sky above, the purple sides of the volcano of Momobacho overshadowing us, and the distant

shores of Chontales molten in the slanting sunlight,—these were some of the elements of the scenery of the islands,—elements constantly shifting, and forming new and pleasing combinations. *

After toiling for a long time, we came suddenly upon the edge of an ancient crater of great depth, at the bottom of which was a lake of a yellowish green or sulphurous colour, the water of which Manuel assured me was salt. This is probably the fact, but I question much if any human being ever ventured down its rocky and precipitous sides. Manuel now seemed to recognize his position; and turning sharp to the left, we soon came to a broad level area, covered with immense trees, and with a thick undergrowth of grass and bushes. There were here some large, circular mounds composed of stones, which I soon discovered were artificial. Around these Manuel said the *fresques* were scattered, and he commenced cutting right and left with his machete. I followed his example, and had not proceeded more than five steps, when I came upon an elaborately sculptured statue, still standing erect. It was about the size of the smaller one discovered at Pensacola, but was less injured, and the face had a mild and benignant aspect. It seemed to smile on me as I tore aside the bushes which covered it, and appeared almost ready to speak. In clearing further I found another fallen figure, but a few feet distant. From Manuel's shouts I knew that he had discovered others, and I felt assured that many more would reward a systematic investigation—and such I meant to make.

While M. commenced drawing the monument which still stood erect, I proceeded with the men to clear away the bushes and set up the others. * * * The first monument which claimed our attention was a well-cut figure, seated crouching on the top of a high ornamented pedestal. The hands were crossed below the knees, the head bent forward, and the eyes widely opened as if gazing upon some object on the ground before it. A conical mass of stone rose from between the shoulders, having the appearance of a conical cap when viewed from the front. It was cut with great boldness and freedom, from a block of basalt, and had suffered very little from the lapse of time.

A hole was dug to receive the lower end, ropes were fastened around it, our whole force was disposed to the best advantage, and at a given signal I had the satisfaction to see the figure rise slowly and safely to its original position. No sooner was it secured in place than our sailors gave a great shout, and forming a double ring around it, commenced an outrageous dance, in the pauses of which they made the old woods ring again with their favourite "*hoo-pah!*" I did not like to have my ardent effervescence in this manner. For I knew the excitement once cooled could not be revived; so I broke into the circle and dragging out Juan by main force, led him to the next monument, which Manuel called the *cannon*. It was a massive cylindrical block of stone, about as long and twice as thick as the twin brother of the famous "*peacemaker*" now in the Brooklyn navy yard. It was encircled by raised bands, elaborately ornamented; and upon the top was the lower half of a small and neatly cut figure. In the front of the pedestal were two niches, deeply sunk and regular in form, connected by a groove. They were evidently symbolical. Notwithstanding the excitement of the men, they looked dourly upon this heavy mass of sculpture; but I opened another bottle of the ardent, and taking one of the levers myself, told them to lay hold. A hole was dug as in the former case, but we could only raise the stone by degrees, by means of thick pries. After much labour, by alternate prizing and blocking, we got it at an angle of forty-five degrees, and there it appeared determined to stay. We passed ropes round the adjacent trees, and placed *jacks* above it, and when all was ready, and every man in his post, I gave the signal for a *coup-de-main*. The ropes creaked and tightened, every muscle swelled, but the figure did not move. It was a critical moment, the men waved; I leaped to the ropes, and shouted at the top of my voice, "*¡Arriba! arriba! viva Centro America!*" The men seemed to catch new spirit; there was another and simultaneous effort, the mass yielded; "*¡poco mas, muchachos!*"—"a little more, boys!" and it went, slowly, but up, until, tottering dangerously for a moment, it settled into its place and was secured. The men were silent for a moment as if astonished at their own success, and then broke out in another paroxysm of ardent and excitement. * * * By the afternoon, we had all the monuments we could find, ten in number, securely raised and ready for the draftsman. Besides these, we afterwards succeeded in discovering a number of others,—amounting in all to fifteen perfect ones, or nearly so, besides some fragments.

The men, exhausted with fatigue, disposed themselves in groups around the statues, or stretched themselves at length among the bushes. Wearing myself, but with the complacency of a father contemplating his children, and without yet venturing to speculate upon our singular discoveries, I seated myself upon a broad flat stone, artificially hollowed in the centre, and gave rein to fancy. The bushes were dense away, and I could easily make out the positions of the ruined *castells*, and take in the whole plan of the great aboriginal temple. Over all now towered immense trees, swathed in long robes of grey moss, which hung in masses from every limb, and swayed solemnly in the wind. I almost fancied them in mourning for the departed glories of the place. In fact, a kind of superstitious feeling, little in consonance with the severity of philosophical investigation, began to creep over me. Upon one side were steep cliffs, against which the water of the lake chafed with a subdued roar, and upon the other was the deep extinct crater, with its black sides and sulphurous lake; it was in truth a weird place, not unfittingly chosen by the original priesthood as the site of their strange and gloomy rites. While engaged in these fanciful reveries, I stretched myself, almost unconsciously, upon the stone where I was sitting. My limbs fell into place as if the same had been made to receive them,—my head was thrown back, and my eyes were raised; a second, and the thought aroused my mind with startling force—"the stone of sacrifice!" Was it the scene,

the current of my thoughts?—but I leaped up with a feeling half of alarm. I observed the stone more closely; it was a rude block altered by art, and had beyond question been used as a stone of sacrifice. I afterwards found two others, clearly designed for the same purpose, but they had been broken by the devotees of a rival superstition. * *

It is impossible, without engravings and plans, to give any clear comprehension of these monuments, and I shall not attempt a detailed account of them. They are very different from those discovered by Mr. Stephens at Copan. Instead of the heavy and incongruous mass of ornament with which those were loaded, most of these are simple and severe,—and though not always elaborately finished, are cut with great freedom and skill. There is no attempt at drapery in any of the figures. Some are erect, others seated, and still others are in crouching or reclining postures. One, which our men called "Gordo," "the Fat," might pass for one of Hogarth's beer-drinkers, petrified. He is seated, or rather thrown back in his seat, with an air of the intensest abdominal satisfaction.

The material, in every case, is a black basalt. A few of the figures, from defects of the stone, have suffered somewhat from the weather, but less from this cause than from the fanaticism of the conquerors. They all bear marks of the heavy sledges, or other instruments, with which the Catholic zealots endeavoured to destroy them; but the task was not an easy one, and fortunately for the archaeologist, the massive stones resisted their assaults.

Although the style of workmanship is the same throughout, yet each figure has a marked individuality. I have selected three for the purpose of illustration.

No. 1 is one of the latest which I discovered, and is the only single figure of an animal which was found. It was nearly covered with the *debris* of one of the ruined *tecalli*, and is a colossal representation of what is here called the "tiger," seated upon its haunches. It is very boldly sculptured, and the base or pedestal is ornamented. A considerable portion of the base, some two feet or more, is buried in the ground. The entire height is 8 ft.

No. 2 I have already briefly described above. It is between 8 ft. and 9 ft. high above the ground, and the pedestal is about 20 in. square.

No. 3. This figure was discovered not far from No. 1, and is one of the most remarkable of the entire series. It is upwards of 10 ft. in height, and represents a very well proportioned figure, seated upon a kind of square throne, raised 5 ft. from the ground. Above the figure is a monstrous symbolical head, similar to those which surmount the statues in the island of Pensacola. The resemblance to some of the symbolical heads in the ancient Mexican risals cannot be overlooked; and I am inclined to the opinion that I shall be able to identify them, as also to find the divinities corresponding to these statues amongst the secondary deities of the Aztec Pantheon. The surmounting head is 2 ft. 8 in. broad, and is smoothly and sharply worked.

The other figures differ as widely among themselves as those here presented. Some of the larger ones are more laboriously wrought, but less care seems to have been bestowed upon the smaller ones. In fact, a number of the latter are worked upon one side of the stone only, in a kind of high relief.

These monuments, like those of Copan, do not seem to have been originally placed upon the *tecalli*, but erected around their bases. I have some reasons for believing that the early Spaniards threw many of them into the lake of the crater to which I have elsewhere alluded. Its precipitous walls are only about 100 yards distant from the *tecalli*. These *tecalli* are composed wholly of stones, but uncemented, and in their rough state. I made some partial excavations, but without any result, except the discovery of much broken pottery. Many of the fragments are painted in bright colours.

With great trouble, I succeeded in carrying away two of the smaller statues, which will probably reach New York as early as this letter. One of them represents a tiger springing, with distended jaws, upon the head and back of a sitting figure. I would gladly have taken away with me some of the larger and more important sculptures; but it was a mile to our boat, and without artificial aids, unfortunately not at hand, it was impossible to move them. I, however, lay a proprietary claim, not only to these, but to various others which "I wot of," but have not the time to describe to you; and it is not impossible that some of the ancient gods of Zapatera may one day look silently down from their high pedestals upon the busy crowds which pour along the avenues surrounding Union Square or the Bowling Green? "Quien sabe?"

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

At length the Commissioners appointed for the direction of the great Industrial Exhibition have determined on the form and materials for the building in Hyde Park. The huge absurdity of their Building Committee—based on a singular depreciation of the Architects of England, and which threatened to take possession of the Park in a shape so questionable as to have raised a very storm of question—is happily dismissed to the limbo of all wild fancies; and the Commissioners having decided to live in a glass house, will we suppose be careful that no more stones be thrown by parties acting in their name. It will be no easy matter, we apprehend, to allay the ill feeling which the eccentricities of this Committee have brought about the ears of the Commissioners,—and we only hope the consequences of their "vaulting ambition" may not yet visit the Commission in the shape of further trouble and vexation. But with

their brick and mortar Babel is gone, we apprehend, every argument on general grounds which could be urged, in defence of a few private interests, against the occupation of the best site which London yields for the grandest purpose that for many a long day she has conceived. The materials now to be used are of a kind easily accumulated and dispersed,—transportable to and from the site intended with little injury to the place and its approaches. The plan which has been finally adopted is one proposed by Mr. Paxton,—and is in fact nothing more or less than a conservatory on a gigantic scale. The materials being wholly glass and its framings, will not, according to Mr. Paxton's estimate, exceed in weight a fourth of the materials which would be necessary to the erection of a brick building,—and three-fourths of the pressure attending transport are thus at once removed. The advantages of light and its regulation by calico shades, easy ventilation, and immunity from risk of fire, are suggested as further recommendations of the scheme; and the erection will have a light and cheerful appearance, without subjecting us to the peril of European criticism on the score of some "great feature." The plan of Mr. Paxton evades the sort of difficulty in which we were placed by the circumstance of the Building Committee having challenged the world and decided in its own favour.—His plan is no doubt greatly to be preferred to the brick and mortar and the "great feature" of the Committee:—but still, this construction will, in our opinion, be far more costly than the occasion demands. No doubt, however, this is a consequence of the magnificence of the Committee's own scheme. They have pitched the idea of a building for the Exhibition so high, that no designer can get down to the tone of mere common sense and common requirement.—Let us, however, if we are to accept this scheme at this cost, take guarantees for the due execution of the first and against any future augmentation of the last. Let the person—and there must be such a person—to whose supervision the execution of the work by the contractors shall be intrusted, be invested with full authority and discharged from all control. His appointment presupposes intelligence, integrity, and competent skill,—and to these should be attached full and undivided responsibility. Let us know distinctly where to look for the redress, or on whom to fix the blame, of anything that may be wrong. Neither he nor any man or body of men should have power to alter, or modify, or tamper with the plan agreed on by the Commissioners; and to insure this, the officer whose distinct duty it is to watch over its execution, should have no facility for passing his responsibility to some one else when we are in search of it on behalf of the public.

One or two other moves have been made in reference to this Exhibition which the manufacturers of England may lay to heart or not as they will. In the first place, Prussia, taking a hint in her own way out of our great scheme, is about to establish in Berlin a permanent Exhibition of the most remarkable productions of all nations, to serve as models for her national industry. In all probability this hint will spread; so that the various capitals of Europe will have a sort of universal museums,—indexes, as it were, to the geographical page at which any particular manufacture is most easily, or cheaply, or excellently producible.—In the next place, the proposals to which we some time since alluded for the transfer to America of selections from our own forthcoming Exhibition, have taken substantive form, and been submitted to the City Local Committee. The improvements in connexion with manufactures are said to be "their first object, and the profits of the Exposition are to be given to that American city which will make the most liberal arrangement for its reception. In other relations the undertaking is intended to be thoroughly commercial, and strong inducement is held out to all the European nations by proposing the vast and increasing market of the Transatlantic continent for the display and competition of their productions. The occasion will, it is calculated, be earnestly embraced by our own manufacturers for impressing their American customers with an increasing sense

of the immense variety and excellence of the productions of the looms and the lathes, the moulds and the anvils, the chisels and the gravers, and all the other apparatus and implements of the mighty industry of England." It is worth while further to quote a couple of sentences from the American documents transmitted.—"It is for the advantage of the maker that his goods should be seen in a very extensive and growing market, where expensive articles are in demand and of ready sale; it is also the interest of the American consumer to see the goods in his own country, where, if they are superior to the growth and manufacture of that country, a paramount and extensive patronage is sure to follow."—Well then, it is for the English manufacturers to consider how far they can afford to stand aloof from a competition like this. If they choose to sit sulkily apart while the world is in motion,—why, the world will pass them by. There is no Protection possible against such a Spirit as has been evoked. At present England stands at the head of this great movement. If she fall into the rear, it will be the fault of her manufacturers:—and let them count the cost in time.

We are informed by a Correspondent that the statement made in the *Athenæum*, [ante, p. 709] relative to the appointment by Sir Robert Peel of Mr. Airy to the office of Astronomer Royal is not strictly correct. Mr. Airy was appointed to that office under Lord Melbourne's administration in the summer of 1835. But Sir Robert Peel had previously conferred a far more important favour on Mr. Airy. One of Sir Robert's earliest acts, during his short tenure of power in 1834-5, was to offer to Mr. Airy a pension, with the express assurance that his acceptance of it should not imply any private or political obligation, and with the option of having it settled on himself or on his wife. The offer was accepted under the latter condition; and a pension on the Civil List was immediately settled on Mrs. Airy.

One curious fact has, it is said, already arisen out of the proposal for the restoration of Chaucer's Monument,—which invests with a deeper interest the present undertaking. One of the objections formerly urged against taking steps to restore the perishing memorial of the Father of English Poetry in Poets' Corner was, that it was not really his tomb, but a monument erected to do honour to his memory a century and a half after his death. An examination, however, of the tomb itself by competent authorities has proved this objection to be unfounded:—inasmuch as there can exist no doubt, we hear, from the difference of workmanship, material, &c., that the altar tomb is the original tomb of Geoffrey Chaucer,—and that instead of Nicholas Brigham having erected an entirely new monument, he only added to that which then existed the overhanging canopy, &c. So that the sympathy of Chaucer's admirers is now invited to the restoration of what till now was really not known to exist—the original tomb of the Poet,—as well as to the additions made to it by the affectionate remembrance of Nicholas Brigham.

We spoke last week of the simultaneous demonstration which was making all over the country in honour of the deceased statesman Sir Robert Peel,—and of the statues which were in all directions about to rise up as its resulting expression. We must say, there is a poverty of thought in this singleness of phrase, as well as a waste of means in this repetition of a single object, which are very strongly forced on our attention by the number to which these memorials are now running and the probable largeness of many of the subscriptions. Once for all, we would have a national monument to Sir Robert Peel in Westminster Abbey; and then, the residue of the funds which the people, of every degree, are so liberally contributing for testimonial to the man whom they are agreed to honour should be combined in some great institutional purpose for the teaching or protecting of the principles by whose advocacy he won their regard. There should be a living soul in the memorials that are to perpetuate intellectual greatness. A statue points merely to the past of a great man—an institution of the kind indicated connects it with the future. A monument of brass or marble

records the death of intellect,—an institution like this translates it into the coming ages.

Messrs. Puttick & Simpson sold during the present month, and for the sum of 43*l.*, a contemporary Manuscript of the works of Oecleve the poet, and of other works of Oecleve's time. The middle of the book contained the 'Epistle to Cupid' usually ascribed to Chaucer, but which Ritson conjectures to have been written by Oecleve. The date, May 15, 1463, is attached to a curious inventory of goods at the end of the volume.

Among the estimates brought forward last week, the House was considerably startled by the demand of no less a sum than 24,000*l.* for a railing for the front of the British Museum. This was a pleasantry beyond the digestion of the members:—and the matter was postponed. Now, when a movement is actually making to get quit of some of our railings, and a desire is exhibited to throw our great public edifices open to esplanades, it were something of a stultification to set up another—and pay 24,000*l.* for it. An inclosure of iron railing is a very questionable accessory to any great public building. If, however, a railing the Trustees of the British Museum must have, we suggest, a compromise. The press has not been able to rail down the railing of St. Paul's,—but the Dean and Chapter are, we know, sensitive to a money argument. By an experiment on that sensitiveness it is not impossible that the public might get the open space around the Cathedral which they desire and the Trustees a handsome railing at the price of old iron.

A correspondent, who signs with the initials A.L.X., has suggested a speedy mode for the conveyance of letters. "Introduce," he says, "into a solid metal tube communicating between the places a metal sphere or canister filled with letters, &c. (or a series of them linked together),—exhaust the tube by means of a stationary engine similar to that used on atmospheric railways,—and in a very short time it will deliver its burthen at its destination.—This plan, though of course not so rapid a mode of communication as the electric telegraph, has amongst other advantages over it, these:—it cannot meet with interruption from the state of the atmosphere;—the tube being buried in the earth is not liable to be injured by interested persons, which wires are;—the nature of the correspondence need be known by no one unconnected, and not only more than one, but any number almost of letters may be sent at the same time."

It may perhaps be considered matter of surprise that after so long and persevering a practice of the mystery of ballooning that machine should have done so little in the cause of science, and been turned to no account for any other useful or intelligible purpose. On summer evenings these light aerial locomotives may be seen sailing above our cities through the uncrowded thoroughfares of the sky with an ease and steadiness that might suggest the possibility of their being made applicable to some useful end. With the exception, however, of the balloon excursion of M. Gay-Lussac, and the balloon freight sent out to aid in the search for Sir John Franklin, we have never heard of the appropriation of this beautiful machine to any use which attempted to justify the cost and labour that have been expended on it. Failing any valuable object, it seems to have been thought necessary that an object of some kind should be found for this peculiar vehicle;—and science having neglected to appropriate it, it has been taken possession of by the fools. These gentry have appropriately used it to make themselves more than commonly ridiculous, and to lift their absurdity above the heads of the crowd. We will make no unkind allusion to the fate of poor Mr. Cocking, who perished miserably some ten years ago, in London, in the attempt to descend from a balloon by means of a parachute scientifically contrived to insure his destruction,—because that unhappy gentleman's folly had a worthy motive, and is predicable only of the means, not of the end. Nor are our above remarks intended to include the folly—for it was a folly—of Messrs. Barral and Bixio; who went skyward on a mission from the French Academy of Sciences, neglecting to take with them any one who had ever driven a balloon before,—and whose

balloon, as might have been expected, ran away with them, and upset them in a vineyard. Neither will we be severe on Lieut. Gale, who some evenings ago took an airing in his balloon above the Sussex coast, and was blown out to sea from Shoreham. But we beg of the police to keep their eye on the aeronautic mountebanks who make the balloon a stage for the conspicuous exhibition of their idle feats,—and we solicit the attention of the Society for the Punishment of Cruelty to Animals to the tricks of one madman of this class, that they may be on the alert in case there should appear any symptoms of an imitation in this country.—So long, we repeat, as these ascents had the scientific or experimental motive, rash as they may have seemed, they were worthy of honour. But then began the mere amateur fool-hardiness of taking up fireworks and discharging them under the balloon, to make a gratuitous increase of the danger. We know how contagious a thing is folly,—and how one great absurdity suggests a greater. Not many weeks ago a worthy of the school of Folly—in France or America, we forget which—took it into his head to ascend with his feet tied to the balloon and that foolish head downwards! That the gentleman's head was not turned by such a proceeding is accountable by the obvious fact of its having been turned before.—But all these clever persons risked only their own lives, or those of volunteers. The gentleman for whom we have above bespoken a special audience took with him an unwilling and terrified companion and perilled for the enhancement of his folly a life more valuable than his own. A M. Poitevin has been making balloon ascents in Paris on horseback:—that is, the horse which he rides being attached to the balloon in the place of the car, and with its feet hanging in the air. We think we see this gentleman sitting jauntily on his horse high above the people—thinking himself, no doubt, in his egregious folly, a good imitator of Bellerophon,—waving his hand condescendingly in the excess of his cleverness,—and taking no account of the mortal anguish of his floating steed and of the blood that rushed from its mouth and nostrils. Then, the rider, while in the air, left his horse to climb a ladder up to a platform six or seven feet high on which was deposited the basket that held his ballast,—performing with great self-satisfaction the feat of a clever bricklayer. Now, it is a question how far the people are to be restrained by authority in the perilous exercise of their ingenuity or their limbs,—and we certainly would be among the first to complain of any unnecessary interference. But two principles seem to be laid down as an established compromise of the question,—both of which are applicable in a case like this. The law restrains suicides,—and exercises also restraining right over fools and children. Certainly if we were to see Phaeton again about to venture on driving the chariot of the Sun, we should call in the police. But, at any rate, if the heads in question be thought not worth protection,—we claim an unquestionable right to protection for the horse. Again we beg that the Society whom we have above invoked and the police will both keep a good look out in case this folly should pass the Channel.

Last Week.

ROYAL ACADEMY, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY will continue OPEN until SATURDAY NEXT, the 27th inst., when it will FINALLY CLOSE.—Admission every day from Eight o'clock till Seven, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 1*l.*

Exhibitors are requested to send for their works on Wednesday, the 31st inst., or Thursday, the 1st of August.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 1*l.* GEORGE FRIPP, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will CLOSE, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, on SATURDAY NEXT, July 27.—Admission, 1*l.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* GEORGE FRIPP, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace. JAMES FAIRIE, Secretary.

PANORAMA of the Nile.—Additions have been made to this Exhibition.—The Nubian Desert, from the Second Cataract to Dongola.—War Dance by Firelight.—March of Caravan by Moonlight.—Morning Prayer.—The Mummy of a High Priest is added to the curiosities. Both Banks of the River Nile are shown in the Painting.—EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Daily, at Three, and Eight o'clock.—Stalls, 2*l.*; 1*l.*; 6*d.*; Gallery, 1*l.*; Children and Schools, Half-price.

INDIA OVERLAND MAIL.—DIORAMA.—GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent-street, Waterloo-place.—Additional Picture, MADRAS.—A Gigantic MOVING DIORAMA, ILLUSTRATING the ROUTE of the OVERLAND MAIL to INDIA, depicting every object worthy of notice on this highly-interesting journey from Southampton to Madras and Calcutta, accompanied by descriptive detail and appropriate music, is now OPEN DAILY. Mornings at Twelve, Afternoons at Three, and in the Evening at Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1*l.*; Stalls, 2*l.*; 1*l.*; Reserved Seats, 2*l.*—Doors open half-an-hour before each representation.

THE DIORAMA, Regent's Park.—Admission, One Shilling.—NOW OPEN, with the finest VIEWS ever exhibited in this country, representing the ROYAL CASTLE of STOLZENBURG, on the Rhine, (visited by Her Majesty Queen Victoria in August, 1843), and its Environs, as seen at Sunset and during a Thunder Storm; painted by NICHOLAS MEISTER, of Cologne. And the much-admired Picture of THE SHRINE of the NATIVITY, at Bethlehem; painted by the late M. RENOUX, from a sketch made on the spot by DAVID ROBERTS, Esq. R.A., with novel and striking effects.—Open from Ten till Six.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

During this week the ALPINE SINGERS from Styria will perform several of their National Melodies, daily at Four, and in the Evening at Half-past Eight.—LECTURE on CHEMISTRY, by J. H. PEPPE, Esq., daily at a Quarter-past Three, and in the Evening at Eight, ILLUSTRATING the ANCIENT FIERY ORDEAL and the HANDLING of RED-HOT METALS.—LECTURE by DR. BACHHOFFNER on VOLTAIC ELECTRICITY, daily at Two, and in the Evening at a Quarter-past Nine.—NEW SERIES of DISSOLVING VIEWS, illustrating some of the WONDERS of NATURE, daily at Half-past Four, and in the Evening at a Quarter to Ten; also a Series, exhibiting SCENES in the ARCTIC REGIONS and CETEON, daily at One o'clock.—DIVER and DIVING BELL, &c. &c.—Admission, 1*l.*; Schools, Half-price.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tues. Zoological, 9.—Scientific Business.

FINE ARTS

The Life of Fra Angelico da Fiesole. Translated from the Italian of Vasari, by Giovanni Aubrey Bezzani. Published for the Arundel Society.

THE love of Fine Art is decidedly one of the increase in Britain. The leisure which thirty years of peace have brought, and the facilities of intercourse with the Continent which have been a consequence, have conduced to an enlarged knowledge of the treasures in every branch of the formative arts which in the South of Europe meet the eye at every step. The improvement in taste has, however, been of slow growth, and has made but little outward manifestation,—save in the few instances in which the connoisseur has transported to these shores such examples of Art as chance or the exigencies of their foreign possessors threw in his way, in the rare enthusiasm of some individual artist, or in the occasional literary lucubrations of some enlightened traveller. The condition of Art-Literature in this country has hitherto been of but humble order,—confined chiefly to the class of general observation which befits professional chairs, and dealing little with æsthetic principle or analysis. To the disadvantage under which the student of Art has laboured on this account, may be added,—what we have on a former occasion observed,—that the examples of the best Italian art which he could see on these shores, in illustration of the generalities which he was taught, were few, and scattered principally throughout the country residences of the nobles and men of abounding wealth. The quality of even these was rarely representative of the highest periods of art,—and the student wanted the data for estimating their relative value. He had few opportunities of knowing more than the names of those intermediate masters the consideration and study of whose practice are the key to the value of the most accomplished works. It is by such key only that the rapid stride which the "divine painter," who in his practice combined all the excellencies of the great artists of preceding ages, made, can be measured. The Cartoons at Hampton Court would rise in estimation after a careful consideration of the works of Masolino di Panicale and Masaccio:—the growth and development of a great idea being thus exhibited.—The opinions of Reynolds, so universally accepted as canon, lose their force when they cannot be illustrated by the examples to which he alludes,—and the page of Fuseli becomes a scholastic disquisition and an enumeration of dry facts from the same cause.

On the Continent, a different spirit—we will not digress to ask why—has prevailed; and Germany as regards Art has followed a path more characteristic of analytic tendencies than of originaive power. The mass of matter which has there been accumulated is great, ranging from the earliest periods of the known existence of Art. The subject has been treated variously—from Winkelmann, on the stages of its remote antiquity, down to

Waagen, on its present practice,—through a range of history, biography, and documentary evidence that has made the German tongue a vocabulary of Art. Modern Italian times have produced a number of writers on these subjects; but they are generally so uncritical and so partial that they may be valued as chiefly industrious compilers of facts. Lanzi and Rosini and Ciognara are those to whom in Italy we are to look for comprehensive views,—Vasari having led the way in supplying the details;—in Germany we have Rumohr and Passavant and Waagen;—in France, Quatremère and Raoul Rochette are of the very few who have treated the subject with soundness and intelligence. In England, with the exception of Reynolds—who stands prominently out as the philosophic critic, and whose *dicta* have become aphorisms, not only in our own tongue, but in the several languages into which they have been translated—there has been but little spirit of artistic inquiry worthy of the dignity of its theme. The examples of the highest conditions of Greek Sculpture in which our Museum is so rich, awakened, it is true, the pen of the unfortunate Haydon. His enthusiastic but erratic mind was almost the first to perceive their true intention; but his views had become so diffuse, his temper so spoilt, and his style so habitually exaggerated, that it was often difficult to discover his meaning, constantly obscured as it was by prejudice and personality. A writer of our own time, whose soundness of view, clearness of definition, and great knowledge have been illustrated by his able papers on Sculpture, and on the conditions under which the decoration of the Senate Houses should be carried out, awakens our regret that the exercise of his qualities should take no higher ground than the materialism of Art,—that the author of the 'State and Prospects of the English School' should not amplify a subject so vital to the interests of British Art to those useful results for which his learning so eminently fits him.—To remedy the deficiency thus existing in the Art-literature of our country, was one of the chief objects for the establishment of the Society the first of whose publications it is our office now to comment on. This opening experiment offers—bating an exception which we shall have to take hereafter—good presage of the spirit with which the object is likely to be carried out. By the side of the text, it supplies the illustration,—that the untravelled artist or connoisseur may turn from the description of, or panegyric on, the work to test its value by a careful rendering of the work itself. The value of engravings from the works of Fra Angelico is great in this or any country where pictures by his hand are of rare occurrence. These are seldom to be found out of Tuscany,—and those which are so found but indifferently represent the true characteristics of the Master. The 'Coronation of the Virgin,' at the Louvre, will be remembered by our readers,—and two pictures at Berlin. So far as we know, there are in this country only a 'Last Judgment,' an exquisite specimen, once in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, and now belonging to Lord Ward,—and a picture of 'Angels and Saints adoring the Virgin,' which was once in the possession of Van Rumohr, and now belongs to Mr. Heywood Hawkins. The little picture in Mr. Rogers's rooms may rather be attributed to Pesellino. There is another small picture, most probably by the Frate, in the possession of Lord Northwick.

The biography which has been the first literary matter selected for this publication, is one which, though short, offers varied attractions. In the first place, it is that of one of the purest-minded and most spiritual painters of any age,—with a refined nature which is reflected in everything that he ever touched. The 'Life of Fra Angelico da Fiesole' is one of the few that are more free than usual from the amount of gossip in which Vasari so habitually indulged. He seems to have instinctively felt as if in the treatment of such a life any departure from the plain narration of facts would be unworthy of the dignity of the man and of the sanctity of his art. The pictures recorded in that biography yet exist, possibly in greater number and in better preservation than those of many others of his contemporaries. In

instances where they were not painted on the walls, as frescoes, many are yet in high preservation in Florence—the city in which they were executed; and where in the Academy to which they have been removed, they may be seen in conjunction with a series of works so arranged as to mark the chronology of the art. By this arrangement, we learn to value the precise phase which each occupies in the history of Art.

The translation of this work by Mr. Bezzi, sufficiently literal, preserves yet the style of the Aretine biographer,—the Tuscan idioms having where necessary found corresponding English phraseology. The translator has not neglected to give us those notes which the edition of 1832—8, edited by Masselli and printed by Passigli, contains,—perhaps the most valuable working edition for the student of the many which have been published; and where necessary he has given supplementary notes of value. In the *Memorie di Marchese*, himself a Dominican monk, writing a history of the most renowned Dominicans who in past times have followed the arts of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture—a most valuable Florentine publication of few years' existence—will be found a more extensive history of Fra Giovanni da Fiesole; wherein some interesting information is supplied relative to the materials from whence Vasari himself drew the information which is the subject of the present translation. In these pages we are instructed that three monks of his order had about the same time written brief descriptions of his life. Of these, the chronicler of the Convent of St. Dominic at Fiesole, the Padre Giovanni di Tolosani, was so negligent a writer, that he omits to record the date of his birth and that of his death. The Catalogue of the pictures which this Chronicler gave sufficed for the purposes of Vasari; and though uncritical, it had other particulars of service as throwing light on the life of the artist. The writer of the annals of another monastery of the order,—St. Mark's at Florence,—the Padre Roberto Ubal dini, and the Padre Leandro Alberti, of Bologna, supply briefly such information as the first neglected; although Marchese contends that the precise dates of the birth and death were not established till he established them himself. There is much discrepancy in the various statements respecting the birth and death of this painter. He died at about the age of sixty-eight or sixty-nine. In his first edition, Vasari says he was in his sixty-ninth year when he died,—which would make him to be born in 1386. Baldinucci says that he was born in 1387,—and that he died on the 18th of February 1455. Marchese agrees with Baldinucci as to the years of his birth and death,—but differs as to the month of the latter, making it the 18th of March.

Subsequently to the appearance of Vasari's 'Lives,' the Florentine Father, Serafino Razzi, in his History of the Illustrious Men of this order,—and the Father Timoteo Bottonio, in his Annals of the order, still preserved in manuscript in the church of St. Dominic at Perugia,—speak incidentally of the Fra Angelico. The father Marchese conjectures that Vasari,—who in his first edition was much assisted by Friar Eustachio, an illuminator and lay-brother of St. Mark's, who received the habit of the order from the hands of Savonarola in 1496, forty years after the death of Fra Angelico,—furnished to the Aretine biographer many other particulars which have enriched it.

There is so much circumstantiality in Vasari's life of Fra Angelico, and so many of the pictures which that writer records him to have executed in certain localities are to be found in fair preservation at the present day in their respective places,—that we may grant the probability of the hypothesis which Marchese has set up respecting the value of the sources of other information.

We will let Mr. Bezzi speak for himself as to the birthplace of the subject of this memoir.—

"Fra Giovanni was born, according to Padre Marchese, in the neighbourhood of Vicchio, a fortress situated between Dicomano and Borgo a San Lorenzo, near the Sieve, in the beautiful province of Mugello, he was certainly known in the Dominican Chronicles as Frater Johannes Petri de Mugello), and but a few miles from Vespignano, the birthplace of Giotto;—the adjunct of Fiesole being derived not from his birth-place, but from his convent;—the titles 'Beato' and 'Angelico' being epithets by which the painter

was popularly distinguished in testimony both of the purity of his life and the devotional spirit of his works."

The page of Vasari conveys curious testimony to the holy life and bearing of this monk-painter.—

"To those who asked for his works he invariably answered with incredible benignity, that they had only to obtain the consent of the Prior, and then he would not fail to do their pleasure. In fine, this monk, whom it is impossible to praise overmuch, was in his works and words most humble and modest, and in his pictures of ready skill, and devout; and the Saints which he painted have a more saint-like air and semblance than those of any other painter whatever. It was his rule not to retouch or alter any of his works, but to leave them just as they had shaped themselves at first; for he believed, and he used to say, that such was the will of God. It is supposed that Fra Giovanni never took up a brush without a previous prayer. He never painted a crucifix without bathing his own cheeks with tears; and therefore it is that the expressions and attitudes of his figures clearly demonstrate the sincerity of his great soul for the Christian Religion."

The modesty and humility of the painter is illustrated also in the following extract. The Pope—"seeing that Fra Giovanni was a most holy, peaceful, and humble-minded man, (as in very deed he was), thought this simple monk worthy to fill the archiepiscopal chair in Florence, which happened at that time to be vacant; but upon its being offered to him, Fra Giovanni extricated his Holiness that this dignity might be bestowed upon some other person, inasmuch as he did not consider himself fit to rule over men; and he pointed out a monk of his order, who loved the poor, was most learned, and capable of governing, and upon whom that high office might be conferred much more fittingly than upon himself. Hearing this, and being aware of its truth, the Pope most freely granted the request, and it was thus that the Dominican monk Antonio came to be Archbishop of Florence."

Traits like the foregoing are expressive of the motives of the pictures themselves, as well as of the general character of the man whose angelic disposition was reflected in them.

The graphic portions of the present issue remain now for our notice. The larger print, 'St. Lawrence distributing Alms,' engraved by Lewis Gruner, is from a subject which has had minute description neither from Vasari nor from Marchese. The print is an instalment of a series which the Society intends to publish on the same scale,—they having been only very inadequately given in other works. Mr. Gruner's style, if he will devote himself to the work with that earnestness which won him his reputation in his earlier labours, may aid the Society very much in the completion of this beautiful series. We are glad here to renew our acquaintance with him, and hope that he may continue the series with no diminished sense of refinement. These works demand for their proper rendering the keenest sensibility of taste and greatest delicacy of hand. Even on the printing depends in no small degree the successful result, that the impression of extreme delicacy which so strikes us on beholding the pictures themselves may be preserved in the prints. Our great matter of regret is, that eighteen of those subjects which accompany the volume of biography had not been executed on the larger dimensions,—corresponding with the above and with Nocchi's 'Vita e Passione de Gesu Cristo.' A smaller scale seems hardly fitted to the true representation of the pathos and expression of this artist's style. On the less extended dimensions we admit that much is conveyed in those prints after the Frate which occur in the 'Galleria dell' Accademia delle Belle Arte di Firenze'; but to attempt anything like justice to the merits of the great 'Crucifixion' at St. Mark's on the scale of a small octavo,—or to the exquisitely designed 'Coronation of the Virgin,' which captivated us so when it was shown to us a few years since by Fra Serafino, a monk painter who inhabits the cell next to that of his great predecessor,—or to suppose that 'The Madonna and Saints,' or 'The Descent from the Cross,' both distinguished ornaments of the Florentine Academy, or 'The Tabernacle' in the Uffizj, or 'The Last Judgment,' also in the Florentine Academy, or 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' or the 'St. Peter Preaching, with St. Mark taking Notes,' or 'The Adoration of the Kings'—all great ornaments of the Uffizj, or 'The Annunciation of Sta. Maria Novella,'—can find adequate representation here, is to be unjust to the character of the originals. To those who have not seen the pictures themselves, these prints may serve as hints,—to those who have, they will form subjects of regret.

The group of 'Prophets' presented by Della Valle in his Duomo of Orvieto gives, from their scale, a better idea of the master's style than the small engraving from the Life of the painter, which we have seen in the Uffizj. The group of 'Prophets' presented by Della Valle in his Duomo of Orvieto gives, from their scale, a better idea of the master's style than the small engraving from the Life of the painter, which we have seen in the Uffizj. The group of 'Prophets' presented by Della Valle in his Duomo of Orvieto gives, from their scale, a better idea of the master's style than the small engraving from the Life of the painter, which we have seen in the Uffizj.

growing from it here introduced. The subjects from the Life of Christ will not satisfy those who may prefer the other versions in the before-named works; while a 'Coronation of the Virgin,' now so great an ornament of the Louvre, makes us remember how much better representation the parts of this magnificent work found even in the photographs by Geell.—It is because we wish every success to the well working of a Society the tendency of whose operations may be to act as a wholesome corrective on the taste of both artist and amateur,—labouring so long under the less exalting influences of the lower schools of more imitative and more mechanical art,—because we wish to see the higher schools as well known as the lower, while of the former there are but few pictures in the country,—that we make these remarks. If the Arundel Society will issue engravings like that of 'St. Lawrence distributing Alms to the Poor,' it will prove itself true to its professions and highly "worthy of public support."

FINE-ART Gossip.—The Medal Committee in connexion with the Exhibition of 1851, whose nomination we recorded some weeks since, have made their report to the Commission,—and have selected Nos. 65, 24, 105 (1); 104 (3), 28, and 68 as the medals entitled to the prizes. On opening the notices attached to these designs, it was found that the first prize had been awarded to M. Hippolyte Bonnardel, of Paris,—the second to Mr. Leonard C. Wyon, of London, the third to Mr. G. G. Adams, of London; and to these three gentlemen the prizes of 100*l.* each have been awarded. Mr. John Hancock, of London, M. L. Wiener, of Brussels, and M. Gayard, of Paris, were the three other successful candidates,—and will receive the 50*l.* prizes.—Our readers will remember that in our notice of the designs sent in for competition, on the occasion of their exhibition, we pointed out two of those now awarded with first-class prizes, and one which has obtained a second, as deserving of qualified commendation. No. 24, which turns out to be the work of Mr. Leonard Wyon, we stated to be in our opinion the best of these models,—and Nos. 104 and 105 we picked out also from the mass of obscurity and commonplace.—We understand that the Commission have decided that the first prize shall be engraved by M. Bonnardel, if a medallist,—or by M. Barre, the Chief Engraver to the Mint of France. Mr. Leonard Wyon and Mr. Adams—both pupils of Mr. W. Wyon, R.A.—are respectively to engrave their own designs. Mr. William Wyon, R.A., the Medallist at the Mint, has been entrusted to prepare the obverses in each case.

The Commissioners appointed by the Government to inquire into the state and condition of the pictures in the National Gallery have not as yet made their Report; but Mr. Banks, one of the Commissioners, communicated the other night to the House a very important piece of evidence that had been given to the Commissioners. Dr. Waagen, the Director of the Berlin Gallery, has stated his astonishment at finding, after an interval of ten years, the pictures in the National Gallery so very unlike what he remembers them to have been during his previous visit. He attributes this change to the smoke and dirt of London. Ten years then—only ten years—have, it seems, effected so great a change for the worse in pictures of which we should become the guardians not for ourselves alone or for foreign nations—but for ages of Englishmen and myriads of people yet unborn. Surely if this be so, it is high time to abandon the National Gallery as a repository for our pictures, and to find a place at some convenient distance out of town, remote from smoke and the pernicious consequences of a London atmosphere. Our collection of pictures is not subject to the old remark applied to our Metropolitan Cathedral, that St. Paul's deserves to wear a sooty coat inasmuch as it was paid for by a tax on coal.

The usual obituaries announce the death of Mr. J. Joseph the sculptor, known by his statue of Wilberforce in Westminster Abbey and his statue of Wilkie in the National Gallery. We would point, however, in preference, to his busts,—some of which exhibit a fine perception of character

and many a delicate grace in the modelling. Mr. Joseph was long a resident in Edinburgh. He modelled a bust of Sir Walter Scott about the same time that Chantrey modelled his—that bust which best preserves to us the features and character of the great novelist.

Late in the season, when purchasers and their purses may be supposed to be nearly exhausted, comes suddenly into the market a collection surpassing in value and attraction all the preceding sales of the season. The sale at Messrs. Christie & Manson's of Italian, Flemish, Dutch and French pictures belonging to the Earl of Ashburnham comprises some of the finest specimens of the various schools. Pictures by Rembrandt, Claude, Gaspar Poussin, Cuypp, David Teniers, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Paolo Veronese, Carlo Dolce, Guido, Van Dyck, Caravaggio, Niccolò Poussin, Guercino, Van de Velde, and other masters, have made this collection a centre of great interest during the past week. Some of the specimens are of the very highest class. The sale takes place to-day.

The merciless hammer of Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson has during the last eight days disposed of the very select and rich cabinets of ancient and modern coins of Viscount Holmesdale. This beautiful and extensive collection has produced 2,000*l.* The respective prices obtained for most lots were considered by numismatists as good,—so much so that the foreign commission-agents obtained but little for the Continent. We must remember, too, that the unsatisfactory state of affairs on the Continent has vastly lowered the value of numismatic treasures everywhere excepting in our own country. Lord Holmesdale possessed twelve of the rare large Syracusan medallions in silver, of great price and beauty. With the exception of the Thomas cabinet (sold in 1844), we are not aware of any other collection having ever possessed so many of the above superlative Greek productions of the golden age of Art;—they were all very fine, and produced from 7*l.* to 29*l.* each coin. A noble Lord, Mr. Brown and Mr. Curt were the chief purchasers of the Greek and Roman gold coins at this sale; they were generally very select productions of the best engravers of the different periods. The modern gold and silver medals were also of admirable execution,—and it was justly remarked that so many have seldom been disposed of at any previous auction. The curious and rare Oriental coins, as fresh as from the mint, were objects of great interest to most of the *virtuosi*, and sold well.—Yesterday, a small collection of antiquities, the property of Messrs. Rollin, of Paris, was sold,—and very well as far as the antique glass was concerned, being chiefly fine and authentic.

Among the objects of interest that will invite the attention of the members of the British Association during their approaching visit to Edinburgh, there is much talk of a plaster mask said to be taken from the face of Shakspeare. Mr. Becker, a gentleman now on a visit in the modern Athens from Mayence, is said to have derived this mask from an ecclesiastical personage of high rank at Cologne—a city which is known to have had in the time of Shakspeare intimate relations with the British Court. The mask has the date 1616 marked on its back. Phenological speculation from this asserted representation of the great bard is denied by the circumstance of the absence of craniological development,—there being nothing more here than mere facial presentment. Physiognomical examination justifies, it is said, the ascription of this copy to an original of much imagination and great sensibility. The nobleness of the contours is stated to have furnished Vandyke himself with subject-matter for his pencil in *ingratiile*.

The bust of Henry Beaufoy, Esq., whose liberal donations to the City of London have been so often chronicled in our columns, has been intrusted to Mr. W. Calder Marshall:—and will be erected, it is understood, in the Common Council Chamber in the Guildhall.

The colossal statue of the Duke of Rutland by Mr. Edward Davis, to be placed in the market square at Leicester, is on the eve of being cast in bronze. As a work of Art it has great merit. The action is simple,—the Duke being represented in the precise attitude in which he addressed the

populace at Leicester when they voted him this statue as an acknowledgment of the services which he has rendered to the county during the half century that he has held its Lord-Lieutenancy. The general treatment is unconventional. The likeness is faithful: a broad masculine character being conveyed by the whole,—while the parts are arranged into picturesqueness, without degenerating into minute or unworthy particular. Into the management of the drapery there is introduced a larger amount of the accidents that meet the eye in nature than is usual in sculpture.

We have visited the church at Ware in Hertfordshire recently restored under the superintendence of Mr. George Godwin. It is a well-proportioned church of good character, exhibiting a mixture of the Decorated and Perpendicular styles,—which Mr. Godwin has understood and sought successfully to complete and restore. There is a charming little chapel abutting from the south side of the chancel, which he has brought from obscurity into its proper position. We are almost sorry, however, to observe that he has removed the monument which Lady Fanshawe erected to her husband, the poet. Though he has put it, it is true, in a place where it can be seen, he has at the same time destroyed an association. The "forlorn *Hic jacet*" is no longer a truth. But Mr. Godwin has done only what every Ecclesiastical or Archaeological Institute in the kingdom would have done. There is too great a rage for removing the monuments of great men. Why did Mr. Godwin transplant Sir Richard Fanshawe and leave the very ugly and very modern monument to William Murvell, Esq. "shouldering God's altar"?

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Songs of a Student. The Poetry selected from the works of Lord Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Laman Blanchard, Sidney Godolphin, Mrs. Hemans, &c. The Music composed by Edward Francis Fitzwilliam.—We too well remember the impression some years ago produced on us (in spite of its wretched, unheeded performance) by a certain "Stabat Mater," not to have turned to this next appearance of the Stabat's composer with more than ordinary expectation. By this time, however, Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam ought to have been more than a "Student," unless we are to suppose that his self-designation means to say that the artist's education is never finished. If this be so, the title is a good title, honourable to its giver. Nevertheless, it justifies us in asking what there is within our young Englishmen—what there is about our English—life that seems to hold our musicians in a perpetual state of scholarship, as distinguished from mastery! The question is susceptible of an answer which is painful to vanity, and perhaps hardly intelligible to worldly wisdom. They will not work for fame—they will not wait for money. Haydn starved in his garret—but he was resolute to "arrive" (as the French say) and he *did* "arrive" accordingly. Mozart found no novelty beneath his examination or above his reach—and thus Mozart made up that wonderful style which as a style is faultless. In no ungenerous spirit, we must ask our English students how far as a class they emulate either the self-sacrifice and patience under privation or the versatile study and universal sympathy.

To come to the case before us.—Betwixt the "Stabat" and the present Songs there has been too long a chasm,—seeing that the latter (so far as memory serves) show small advance on the former. Like the Catholic Hymn, these compositions give evidence of thought, pains and a certain enterprise. The more ambitious among them fail because of their ambition,—the idea is sometimes pigmy when the clothing is most heroic;—but the minor ones, such as 'The Virgin's Cradle Hymn,' the charming 'Oh! love me less,' and the setting of Mrs. Hemans's 'Night-blowing Flowers,' have a grace and easy-flowing sweetness which justify our regret that Mr. E. Fitzwilliam has so sparingly accosted his public. By more frequent appearances the scholastic complication and crudity against which complaint may be made in his larger efforts must have been abandoned—must have been

rubbed smooth. There is a time when both defects become organic—and then their owner is in danger of taking refuge in the self-love of a neglected genius by way of escaping the self-reproach of one who has not braved sacrifices and surmounted obstacles in his resolution to win a prize and to establish an individuality. The amounts of merit to be recognized in these Sea Songs, and of beauty to be praised in them, bear no proportion one to the other,—and the former may possibly be overlooked, owing to the limited manifestation of the latter.—Let us hope that Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam will not make us wait for another half-dozen years ere we hear from him again.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Believing, as we have already more than once expressed, that 'I Puritani' was drained of its attractiveness as an opera by the original quartett of artists for whose use and glory it was written, it implies no reflection on the powers or on the popularity of Madame Frezzolini to state that she has not succeeded in doing what Mlle. Lind and Madame Sontag before her have been unable to accomplish—namely, to make a new sensation in Bellini's last opera.—On Thursday evening, Donizetti's 'La Figlia del Reggimento' was given, with Madame Sontag for its heroine. This is an opera which, unlike 'I Puritani,' possesses a vitality in the individuality of its heroine's character and in the *gaillard* prettiness of its music. Every *prima donna* gifted with comic instincts and executive brilliancy may for some years to come desire to try the part of the merry *Maria*;—and since her desire is capable of being worked out in more ways than one, in proportion as she may choose to be military or maidenly, there is always a chance of her making an impression on the public in the part, no matter who has been before her. For this result should authors seek,—not for those peculiarities which alone will fit, or can be finally exhausted by, one peculiar artist.—The success of Thursday's performance at all events justifies the opinion above expressed. In the first act it was to be felt that Madame Sontag's voice wants that clarion brilliancy for which Donizetti provided when writing the camp tunes for its heroine; but she gave the pathetic couplets 'Convien partir' in the first *finale* exquisitely,—making a great effect by a *sostenuto* *e*, the delicacy and length of which spoke volumes as to the training of the singer, whether young or mature, able to command a note so true, so fine, and so firm. But the triumph of the evening was *Maria's* lesson-scene in the second act. This was acted by Madame Sontag with a comic *gusto* which she has not heretofore displayed. The tasteless finery of her toilette was whimsically contrasted and commented on by her masculine and almost uncouth behaviour. Yet her camp and canteen ways were harmonized by a cordial good nature which made us delight in the creature though she might be a little too vulgar for a drawing room. Madame Sontag's singing, however, was a positive blaze of brilliancy—a feast of cadences, flourishes, trills, lavished in a profusion and of a difficulty unproducible and unmanageable by any other songstress. The "point d'orgue" before *Maria* dashes the tiresome old *Dresden-china* opera-air on the floor, and breaks off into the dear jovial *Rataplan* tune,—in itself contained the quintessence of all Rode's variations. In short, the songstress has never so charmingly vindicated her reputation as in this opera,—although some might have fancied the work to have been closed against new-comers for the next half-dozen years to come by the *furor* therein excited by Mlle. Lind.

It appears as if the Negro exhibition had been once for all emphatically discouraged,—since we observe that the name of "the black Malibran" is withdrawn from the bills of *Her Majesty's Theatre*.

ST. JAMES'S.—*French Plays*.—On returning to *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, because of its having been Mlle. Rachel's most popular character in London, a few words are claimed by the drama as a work of art. The characters of this play are excellently contrasted. The *Comte de Saxe*, a better sort of *Phœbus de Chateaupers*, with his willingness to profit by the kindness of the *Princesse de Bouillon*, and his

resolution to bestow his heart elsewhere, ranges well against the homely, faithful theatre-official, poor *Michonnet*, to whom the actress-heroine of the drama is half goddess, half child,—a creature to be at once admired, loved, looked up to, and cherished. Then, *Adrienne* herself is a charming vindication of the nobility of genius as superior to the nobility of old blood,—the latter impersonated in the passionate, corrupt and frivolous *grande dame*. With four such personages, there is matter enough to fill a play, whether festive or serious; but we question whether the material have not been disposed somewhat too coquettishly for the production of the greatest effects of which the combination was susceptible. The situation in the dark boudoir of the *petite maison*, (what a nest within nest of refined corruption!) where the two women who are in love with the same man endeavour to discover each other—the reading party at the house of the Princess, when both throw the mask by, and the encounter of hate gives rise to an encounter of tongues sharp to the death—are both, in spite of their excellent effects, too obviously forced to befit the simple dignity of tragedy. But excess of contrivance is not generally the English writer's fault; and however we may criticize it as not well placed, we cannot but admire the never-failing ingenuity of M. Scribe in this as also in his lighter productions. In any event, the character of *Adrienne*, as it stands, demands that *finesse* and filling-up which Mlle. Mars would have given to it—but which Mlle. Rachel does not.—In the green-room scene with which her part opens, she had neither the tone of the *Rosane* who is about to meet her audience, nor of the *Adrienne* who listens to *Michonnet* because she loves the old man. She was too indifferent, and (as *Lear* put it) "too untender."—In the boudoir scene, where the unconscious purity and intensity of the heroine's love is the power which gives her the ascendancy over the *grande dame*, she hec-tored too much, like one to whom such encounters were familiar, who knew her antagonist and her vantage ground.—At the reading party, where she might have towered above the frivolous creatures of the *faubourg* by the simplicity of her genius, there was too much toilette, too haughty a reserve. She might have been studying her *impromptu* vengeance *en route*.—Nor in the last act was the harshness of conception above indicated laid by. There was baffled rage in her sobs over her returned bouquet;—there was an appalling despair in her struggles with death, which deprived the character of its sweetness and the catastrophe of its pity.—It is only to a Rachel that such tests and qualifications as these can be applied. Stated with reference to an average tragedian they would be absurd. We do not, however, imagine that that which we find wanting in Mlle. Rachel's *Adrienne* will ever be numbered among this artist's attributes; and hence we are unable to join the chorus of those who enthroned her as greatest of her compeers,—greater than any of her predecessors,—though we enjoy her personations, and number them among the most exciting pleasures of the artistic year.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—On Friday week was celebrated, to use the only proper word, the long announced benefit for Mrs. Glover—to which subsequent events have given a mournful significance. The retirement of the veteran actress from the theatrical stage preceded by only a few days her retirement from the stage of life. Like Molière, she may be said to have been dying before the audience. The most eminent members of the profession had assembled on the night in question to assist at the last public appeal of "the Mother of the Stage,"—and a brilliant audience was gathered together to answer it. Even then, however, the triumph had its shadow—flung from an awful Presence that was close at hand. Mrs. Glover had taken to her bed for a fortnight previously,—and it was with much difficulty that on that night she went through her allotted task. It may be doubted whether she should have been permitted to attempt it;—but it is stated that her medical advisers were of opinion that "the nervous irritability arising from severe illness would have rendered it more dangerous to check the impatience which she felt to keep faith with the public, than

to yield, however reluctantly, to her strong anxiety. Mrs. Glover had announced that she would appear,—and with thorough English courage she did appear." But, though she got through the character of *Mrs. Malaprop*, she proved unable to deliver the farewell address prepared for the evening. Instead of this, the curtain was drawn up, and the exhausted actress was seen seated in a chair, and surrounded by the most eminent of her contemporaries. There were many apprehensions in the house which saw dimly the Shade that mingled in this final tableau,—and made it at once awful and affecting. On the Tuesday following the object of this final show had passed from the realities of life.—We understand that the receipts on Friday were very large, and will go far to relieve the necessities of the large family which the veteran actress leaves behind her.—Mrs. Glover was emphatically a member of the old school of actresses. Her name connects itself with that of Betterton, the contemporary of Garrick and of Quin. She was of that family—so it is believed—at any rate, of that name. Julia Betterton was born in Newry, Ireland, on the 8th of January 1781. Commencing her theatrical career at the age of six, we find her belonging to the York Circuit in 1789. She then appeared as the *Page* in Otway's tragedy of 'The Orphan,'—and shortly afterwards as the *Duke of York* to Cooke's *Richard the Third*. In 1796 she had risen into reputation; and played, at Bath, *Juliet* and *Lydia Langwish*, with such success, that Mr. Harris engaged her for Covent Garden in the year 1797, at a salary of 12*l.* per week, for five years,—which was afterwards progressively raised to 18*l.* Her first appearance at this theatre was on the 12th of October 1797, in the character of *Elisina*, in Hannah More's stupid tragedy of 'Percy,' in which, notwithstanding the weight of the part and of the play, she is recorded to have had immense success. But Miss Betterton had soon to yield to a Miss Campion, from Dublin, whose tragic excellence compelled the former to turn her attention to comedy. During the days of Kean's triumph at Drury Lane, Mrs. Glover formed one of the company at that theatre, and supported the great actor in many of his best parts. As time wore on, the extended range of characters which she played settled into assumptions of such characters as *Mrs. Heidelberg* and *Mrs. Malaprop*; and in these she commended herself afresh to the discerning critic, who detected in her performance of them new merits. Failure, indeed, with her was unknown—for her acting derived directly from nature, and was truth itself.—On the 20th March 1800, the celebrated actress married Mr. Glover.—We may state finally that Mrs. Glover was an intense student of Shakspeare, and that her readings of the great poet were justly esteemed. "Take her for all in all," it will probably be long ere we shall "look upon her like," as an actress, again.

Our Concert season is coming to a close by a gentle and not unpleasant *diminuendo*—morning parties given by Mlle. Graumann and by *Mis Messent* being among the events of the week.—*Signor Biletta*, who seems among Italian composers to be "taking the line" of Signor Gabussi, has also held his *Matinée*. Spirit and novelty have been given to some of these meetings by the presence of Madame Sontag, who seems now at liberty to exercise her enchanting powers (they are nothing less) as a concert-vocalist.

Having written in but "tepid ink" (to adapt a French conceit) of Signor Tambril's *Otello*, we are bound to say that his second was a welcome advance on his first performance. Due accent and style are still wanting, but passion and power have been added. A sharp in chest-voice thrown out in the *encore* of the garden duett—half a tone higher than the famous "at de poitrine" of Duprez.—claims a record as the most amazing feat which we have ever encountered in our experience of tenors. But the whole treatment of the character was raised; and that is better than any *altissimo* note, be it even as triumphant as this wondrous *c sharp* in question.

A broadside, signed by S. K. E., devoted to remarks on 'Compositions for the Pianoforte, by E. Silas,' has been laid before us,—it is to be presumed for notice. The purport of this pamphlet

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hardly accords with the professions of its writer. He "unequivocally denies the influence of any interested motives in announcing 'our' opinion" of some new music by this young gentleman recently published,—goes on to assert that "M. Silas' genius is beyond all peril,"—that "his powers are too highly developed to be now impeded by any casualties,"—that "he has already produced works of such maturity and perfection, that will, whatever may be their present fame, carry his name to posterity to be pronounced in accents as familiar as those of Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn." Yet, after the above, we are informed that the argument of this broadside is, to vindicate M. Silas against an "audacious," "cruel," "malignant" criticism which was put forth respecting his playing by a contemporary.

That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow:
Where shall we find the concord of these discords?

Defence of one who is beyond peril!—A trumpet-blast after the battle is won! Surely here we have a puff of warlike air wasted if there was ever such a thing.—The reader may recollect that the *Athenæum* differed from the criticism complained of regarding M. Silas, whether as a player or as a composer, having in both capacities spoken of him favourably. But this opinion having been reiterated, we must add that we yet more emphatically differ from the fulsome friendship of this broadside,—the outrageous flattery of which is calculated to injure a young man of talent by irritating his vanity so as to impede further progress; and by raising that evil spirit of suspicion, imputation, and personality which, whether it be a demon employed by critic against artist, or by artist against critic, is an evil influence, breathing poison fatal to Art. It is to be hoped that M. Silas has other friends and counsellors (most of all, one within himself) who are more wise than S. K. E.—Since the above was written, we observe that new works by M. Silas are advertised in the papers as by "this great composer." Seeing that Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, &c. &c. are not thus ticketed, while the newest namby-pamby ballad is, we cannot but add a codicil of emphasis to the above paragraph, warning M. Silas not to keep his place among the ballad-mongers!

There is little musical news from the Continent of any "mark or likelihood." Herr Schumann's opera, 'Généviève,' was produced at Leipzig on the 28th of last month. "This work," says the *Gazette Musicale*, "after having been much recommended beforehand, does not seem to have satisfied public expectation, being concert music, without any dramatic force." For the verdict which will finally be passed on 'Généviève' every one must be curious who has at all followed the journals of Young Germany in the recent crusades which they have made, not so much to establish Herr Schumann as a great composer, as to prove him greater than Mendelssohn.

This evening, it was announced, will be produced in that hot-bed of novelties, the *Opéra Comique* of Paris, a new three-act work, to be called 'Geraldine, or the New Psyche,' by that most fertile of librettists, M. Scribe, and that lightest of French melodists, M. Adolphe Adam.

MISCELLANEA

Sunday Postal Question.—Of the 400,000 respectable well-meaning persons who have affixed their signatures to this extraordinary prayer for summarily destroying a piece of mechanism as scientifically planned and as carefully put together as one of Arnold's chronometers, what proportion, it may be asked, have a clear idea, or any idea at all, of the general requirements of the British postal system—of its political, fiscal, and commercial importance, of its arterial and venous circulation by which it breathes, or of the innumerable organized moving particles or animalcules of which it is composed? Have the majority of the petitioners—some of whom may possibly belong to that large class of the community who, to say the least, have seldom occasion to write or read letters—a superficial idea, or any idea at all, of the deep meaning of "the correspondence" of, for instance, our Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, or London merchants? Are they aware

of the heavy losses that even the revenue of the kingdom might sustain by great mercantile and manufacturing houses being unable on Monday, previous to the sailing of steam-packets, or of their own vessels, to receive the latest possible communications from all parts of the country? Have they considered the confusion that would be created in rival towns of the same trade from the contents of East or West India mails being communicated to some, and on the striking of the clock on Saturday night cut off from the rest? In case of an extensive robbery of bank-notes or bills, in cases of forgery, or even of bankruptcy, in cases involving life and death, and of an infinity of other private business of extreme importance, have they reflected on the serious and cruel consequences that might arise from Parliament irrationally ordaining—1st, that it is illegal to send letters otherwise than by post; and, 2ndly, that by post they shall not be transmitted? Again, have they considered the inconvenience the inhabitants of, say, the whole of England would suffer from being forcibly restrained from despatching letters on Saturday on account of London's Sabbath, and on the following day because that is their own? Again, of the losses and vexations which upwards of 2,000,000 of persons congregated, principally for the transaction of business, in London, the shops of which have been closed the whole of Sunday, would sustain, from being on Monday morning debarred receiving letters from beyond a given radius, although some of them may have been posted on Friday? In short, have they calculated the sum total of the results of a decree from Parliament ordaining that in almost every city, town, village, hamlet, and habitation throughout the kingdom there should be two or more blank postal days per week, the one for the Sabbath of the locality, and the other for those of places more or less remote?—*Quarterly Review.*

The Celt.—The form of the little chopping instrument called "Büllong," used by the Malays here, has suggested to me an explanation of the use of that antiquarian puzzle—the Celt. The handle of the büllong consists of a thin tough stick, cut with a part of the branch from which it grew; the thicker part is shaped with a groove in front to receive the iron, and over this a piece of raw hide is lashed with strips of rattan, the other end is filled with a piece of soft wood for the handle. The blade is forged with a long sharp tang, which is inserted into the hollow formed by the groove and the piece of hide, and is of course fixed very firmly by the mere act of chopping. It will be seen that the blade can thus be set at any angle to the plane of the handle, so that the Malay uses his büllong both as axe and adze; or, in hollowing out a canoe, for example, set obliquely between the two. Now if, instead of the blade being inserted into the handle, we imagine such a handle inserted into the hollow of a celt, and tied fast by the loop usually found on these instruments, a very efficient and simple tool would be the result, and I think of a form very likely to occur to the mind of a savage.

I am, &c.

JAMES MOTLEY.

Tanjong Kubong, Labuan.

The First Printing Press manufactured in California.—On Saturday we had put up in this office the first printing press ever manufactured on the "Pacific side," and for which we intend to bespeak a small niche in the temple of fame alongside of the press rendered sacred as the one used by the immortal Franklin. It is of a size to print a foolscap sheet of paper: the frames and ribs are of wrought-iron, the bed and platten taken from a medium sized copying press; the bed enlarged by a wrought bar of iron welded to the sides, and planed down to an even surface.—*Pacific News.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. G. S.—D. H., Jun.—J. S. B.—A. B.—C. R. T.—Imo—G. B.—L. P.—received.

J. D.—This correspondent has drawn a wrong inference from the paragraph in a former number to which he alludes.

DANIEL HARDCASTLE, JUN.—In reply to this correspondent, we have to say that the anecdote to which he refers had escaped our notice when we looked over the pages of his volume. The version of the story given in the *Athenæum* of the 22nd ult. was communicated to us from what we believe to be an original and well-informed quarter. It would seem, therefore, that the ultimate decision between Mr. Hardcastle and ourselves as to the real hero of the story must be left to future inquirers into the curiosities of Banking.

Erratum.—Last week, in the article on Madame Pasta, p. 745, col. 3, l. 10, for "successes" read *successors*.

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